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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
CONTAINING:
AN ARMY ON
ADVERTISING



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Haynes Automobile Company
KOKOMO, INDIANA

Gentlemen:—

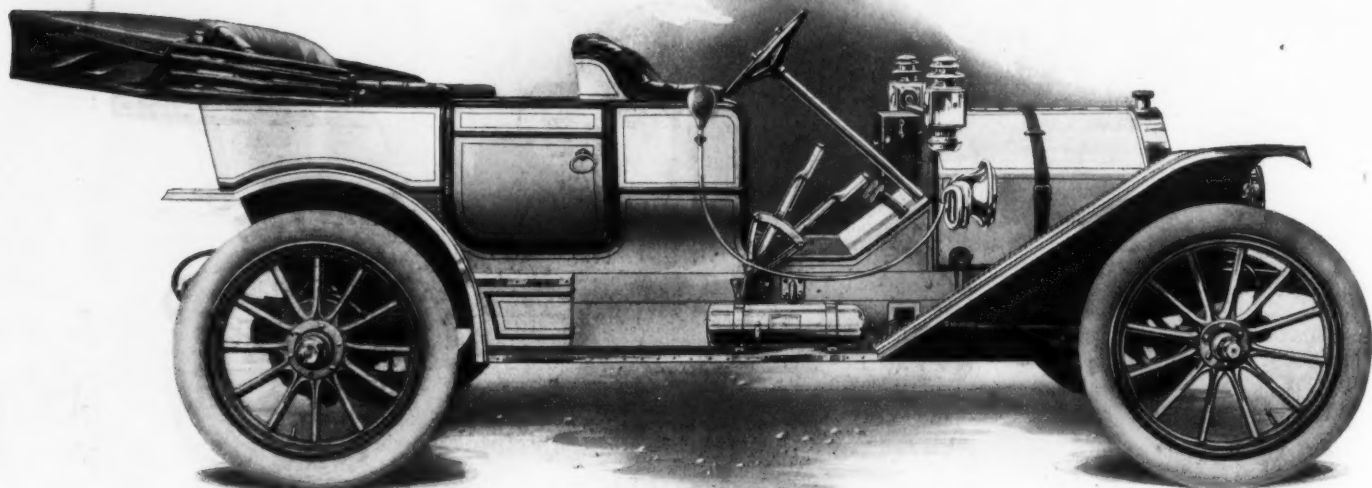
I am thinking of buying an automobile, at about \$..... Would be glad to have all the information you can furnish on the subject.

Name.....

Address.....

Do You Want to Buy An Automobile?

If so, fill out the blank shown above. We have some valuable information to send you.



\$1000.00 Less—Or \$500.00 More

HERE'S the latest product from the Haynes factory, our Model 19 for 1910.

It is a \$3000.00-value car—with all the quality of the highest priced cars—and our price is \$2000.00—fully equipped.

To any man who wants a thoroughly high grade car in every particular—with everything on it worth having on an automobile—a car of reputation—a car of unquestioned merit—we offer this Model 19 Haynes—at a saving of **at least \$1000.00**.

“Or \$500.00 More.” By that we mean \$500.00 more than you have to pay for the cheaper class of cars that sell for **around \$1500**.

We are the oldest automobile manufacturers in America, and the superior quality of our cars is **unquestioned** everywhere.

In offering this \$2000.00 car we believe that the public will recognize it as the **biggest value** yet offered in motor cars—**which it is**.

If just a word of advice to automobile buyers may be permitted, let us say—Be careful and buy the **right** car **at the start**.

Too many people have **graduated up** from the cheap car to the car they should have bought **in the first place**—and by so doing they have lost nearly double the price of the car on the sale of the cheaper cars.

We haven't built a car to sell around \$1500.00 because the kind of construction, material and power plant that we are willing to put out under the name of **HAYNES** cannot be made and sold at a profit for that sum of money.

But to pay **more** than \$2000.00 is unnecessary. This our Model 19 will prove to anyone who examines it.

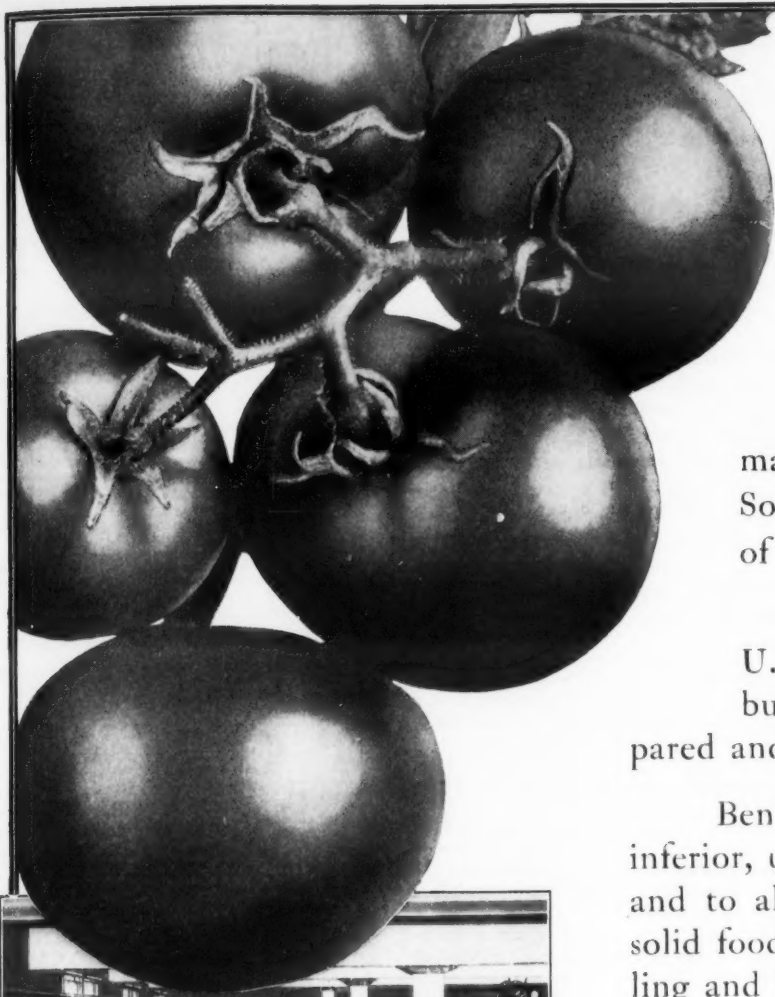
It is just the car you'll be delighted to own. It has style—snap—beauty of line—elegance of finish—is extremely comfortable and easy riding—and is as mechanically perfect as any machine on the market—no matter what the price; has ample power, and goes faster than most people care to ride.

We want to send you particulars about this car. We want you to examine our proposition before you buy a car of **any** kind.

We will tell you where you can see the Haynes Model 19 and have it demonstrated. If you are looking for the right car at the right price, accept our invitation and write for particulars of this wonderful machine.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
114 Main Street, Kokomo, Indiana
America's Pioneer Automobile Manufacturers

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Benzoate of Soda is generally used to prevent inferior, unwholesome materials from further spoilage, and to allow the presence of water in the place of solid food. The drug also permits unsanitary handling and loose manufacturing methods. More than this, eminent medical authorities have declared it harmful to health.

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The tomatoes used in it are especially grown from our own seed. They are the best that soil and climate can produce—fine flavored, meaty, solid.

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Your safeguard against Benzoate of Soda—often found in well-known brands—is to read carefully all labels, for on them the law requires the presence of drugs to be stated. Read the small type.

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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 24, 1909



Outdoor Americans in Africa

¶ If common report is to be credited, it would seem that Outdoor Africa, at the present moment, must be fairly overrun with outdoor Americans. They keep coming out to the coast with reports of having shaken hands with Mr. Roosevelt in the jungle, and they bring with them carloads of heads and hides that are to be stuffed and hung in the halls of their descendants. The particular outdoor American in Africa in whom Collier's is interested is Mr. A. R. Dugmore, who is photographing the bandarlog and other jungle folk for this weekly. Photographing jungle folk is not like photographing cows. In a letter dated April 14, from his camp on the equator, Mr. Dugmore tells us this:

"... I have been getting some interesting material both in pictures and experiences. I have been stalked by a pair of lions in broad daylight. I was alone with only six cartridges in my rifle, and so didn't have a chance to make a photograph, which was awful hard luck as the chance was an unusual one, but I needed my life even more than a photograph. I did pick up my camera, but on second thought and a second glance at the two lions decided on the rifle rather than the camera. I killed one and wounded the other.

"I got two photographs of a lion, which will, I think, interest you, as they are sharp enough to stand any enlargement. They were made at twelve yards distance, which you will allow was quite close to get to a wild lion. I have also got a series of hippopotamus pictures which are thoroughly satisfactory. One picture shows fifty of the beasts in and out of water, on rather a small scale of course. Others show them quite large and clear, with a crocodile thrown in for good measure. I also have a photograph of a herd of twenty-five buffalo, which was a very unusual chance and one that made my heart beat, and I wondered whether my life insurance policies were made out correctly.

"At present I am off on a long trip in search of elephants. We have still two hundred and twenty-five miles to walk before we get to the railroad again, and it will be about five or six weeks before we get out."

In a later letter, dated May 23, from Simba, and just received as we go to press, Mr. Dugmore had more to tell of his adventures:

"I am glad to say that after many nights of fruitless watching I have got a dozen photographs of lions, some of which are very satisfactory. My plans are to mail you an article, or perhaps two, immediately on arriving in England. These articles will be (1) on flashlight work, showing photographs of lions, hartebeest, and hyenas. Then (2), on working from blinds. This also will show hartebeest and a wounded lion.

"A week or two later I will send five more articles, which, so far as I now can see, will be:

"(1) A trip half-way round Mt. Kenia, with pictures of the snow-capped mountains from several points, some taken from an elevation of about 9,000 feet, some game pictures, and some of the Muru Kikuyu people and their dances. These people, with few exceptions, had not seen white men until about a year ago. They don't know money, and are altogether very interesting.

"(2) Sagari life (camping and traveling) as done in this country.
"(3) Some African river life, showing photographs of hippopotamuses, crocodiles, and some birds. (The hippopotamus photographs are about the best pictures I have ever made.)

"(4 and 5) On the game in general, with pictures of two or three kinds of zebras, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, giraffes, antelopes, and gazelles. I have made photographs of twenty-four species of gazelles so far, and hope to add one more to the list before finishing."

From further details given in Mr. Dugmore's letter, it seems probable that his first article will reach us in time to appear next week, or, at the latest, in the issue of August 8.

Vacation Stories—a Reminder

¶ One point was probably not made quite clear enough in the recent announcement of prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25, for the best accounts of vacation experiences sent to Collier's before October 1, 1909. This was that the papers must be limited in length to 1,200 words. Short and graphic—that's the sort that will interest readers.

The August Fiction Number

¶ Next week's issue will be the August Fiction Number, which will have a cover in colors by Reuter Dahl and will contain among other tales "A Wasted Day," by Richard Harding Davis. With characteristic swing, Mr. Davis sketches a millionaire, reduced to his actual cubic space. Arnold Thorndyke, the Wisest Man in Wall Street, whose seconds are invoiced by dollars, decides to donate one of his moments to a former clerk, now under arrest. The Wisest Man undergoes a train of emotional novelties, which divert him from the ticker beyond the recall of pursuing clerks, and sting him into a determination to make good in a strange environment.

MIRACLE CONCRETE

SEWER PIPE MAKING

is the easy way of getting started in the concrete business. Concrete Sewer Pipe is preferred over vitrified clay pipe in thousands of localities—because cheaper, more durable and home manufactured.

THIS SIZE PIPE is made for 35c a ft. Same size in Vitrified Clay costs (average) \$1.20 a ft.

\$50 OUTFIT OF MIRACLE MOLDS starts you in this business—unlimited possibilities of growth—concrete is just beginning to be appreciated.

SEWER PIPE MOLD CATALOG FREE World's largest manufacturers of Concrete Machinery, we have started 3,000 in concrete business; we also take large contracts for concrete work anywhere—there is money in the business—1909 should be greatest concrete year yet.

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Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15c. Sample and booklet from Park & Tilford, 327 Broadway, New York.
Makers: F. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.
Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

\$83.50 PROFIT IN ONE WEEK
This is what one of our operators earned making photo buttons with the **WONDER PHOTO CANNON**. We can prove this. The cannon makes finished photo buttons in 20 seconds, ready to wear. No experience or dark room required. Complete outfit \$25. Catalog free. Chicago Ferrotype Co., R149 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago.

Print Your Own
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IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

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American-Adelphi Hotel. Choice location. Centre of Saratoga. Splendid brick structure. All outside rooms. Every convenience.

SARATOGA SPRINGS

State Mineral Spring Reservation

AN IDEAL VACATION SPOT.

Address PUBLICITY BUREAU

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FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

COLLIER'S Travel Department, 426 West Thirtieth Street, New York City, will furnish, free by mail, information and if possible booklets and time table of any Hotel, Resort, Tour, Railroad or Steamship Line in the United States or Canada.

Special Information about Summer Resorts

Write us where you want to go and we will advise you the best route and where to stop.

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Collier's

Saturday, July 24, 1909



Cover Design	Drawn by Maxfield Parrish	
In Honor of Champlain	Photographs	6
Editorials		7
A Plague of Jack Rabbits in Southern California		9
The New World of Trade	Samuel Hopkins Adams	10
III. Traps and Pitfalls	Illustrated with Documents	
Our Japanese Territory	Alexander Hume Ford	12
The Making of a Mother	Illustrated with Photographs	13
When Women Vote	Double-Page Drawing by Charles Dana Gibson	14-15
The Wanderings of Ulysses, (Kansas)	Illustrated with Photographs	16
Care and Cure of Nature	Paul Paquin, M.D.	17
What the World Is Doing	Illustrated with Photographs	18
Democrats and Some Near-Democrats	Mark Sullivan	20
The Meaning of Peonage		26

Volume XLIII

Number 18

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-420 West Thirtieth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Dav's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 57-61 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.80 a year.

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ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 13

THE UNIVERSITY OF ADVERTISING

BY a thorough reading of the advertising columns of this paper you will add as much to your store of practical knowledge as you will from a study of the news columns. Try it on this issue—thinkingly. Unconsciously you are doing it all the time, absorbing day by day, from the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines, news of the world's progress in producing things—things which are to feed, to clothe, to educate, to amuse, to inform, to instruct, to conserve the health, and to advance the general comfort and welfare of its people.

Advertising is coming to be more and more the news of the world's workshops and market-places. Advertisers realize that they must tell you the interesting facts about their goods—how they are made and why they are made so. They know

you will buy their goods if they can convince you of superior merit or value; but they must first interest you, and experience has shown that the best appeal they can make is to your intelligence, your power to reason and your willingness to do so.

And so their trained writers write into the advertising columns of this Weekly the simple but intensely interesting story of the new things that are produced, and of how both the new things and the old things are made; and their artists skillfully illustrate the processes and the finished product. In this issue, and in every issue, the advertisements form a chapter in the great history of the world's production. As you read it, from cover to cover, think how the National Weekly would lose in interest and value with this chapter missing.

F. B. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Effect of Advertising"

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You will feel cooler if you
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cut, accurately stitched, made from
light, durable woven materials selected
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only by this red woven label

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We make no garments without this label.

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BIG MONEY
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better opportunity
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We start you, furnishing complete
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THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatre
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Absolutely guaranteed to support
the heaviest person in
water for days at a time. For
your summer outing. Comfortable,
handsome, convenient, usable
in boat, canoe, camp, cottage or
anywhere a comfortable cushion
is desired. Filling—Absolutely
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Prepaid sample \$1.60. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
Description and Samples on application.
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PATENTS

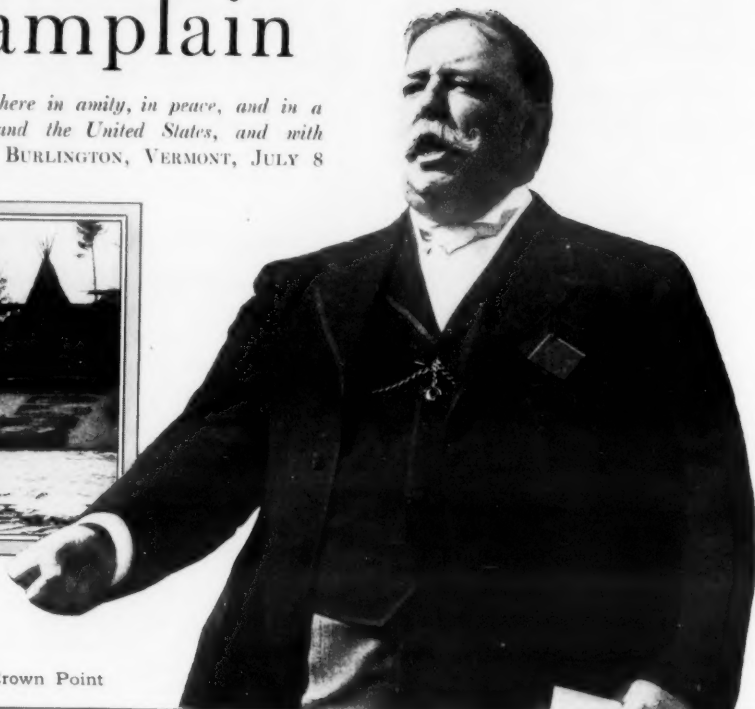
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Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in
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and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame
needed. Size 14 x 18 inches. Sent postpaid. It is
the best picture on the market for 25 cents.
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WIGS and TOUPEES
Absolute non-detectable toupees.
Special rates to barbers. Send for Catalogue.
Lombard Babbins Co., 495 Washington St., Lynn, Mass.

In Honor of Champlain

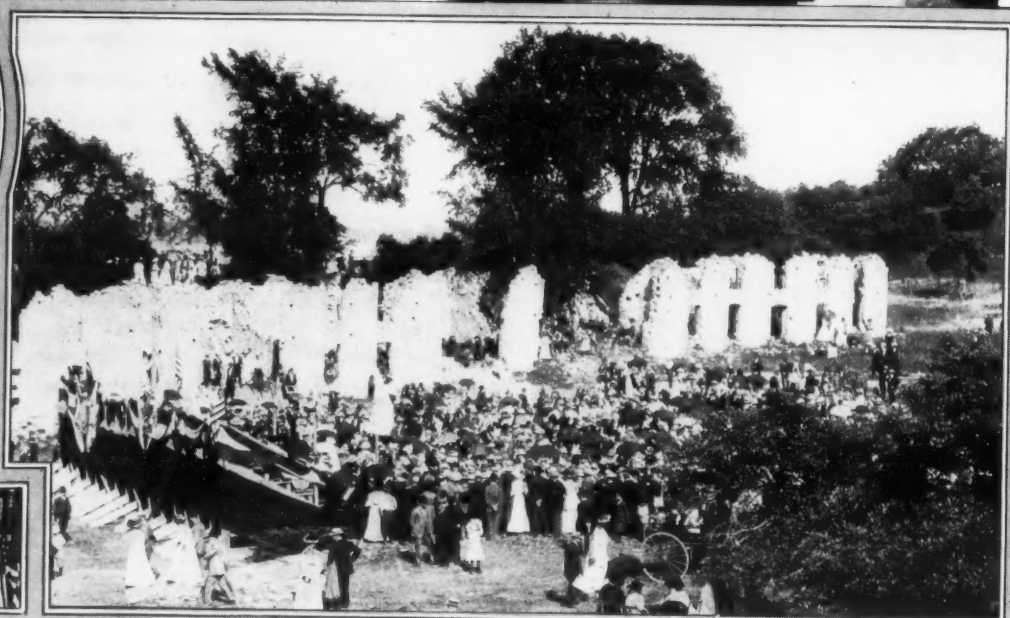
"But the feature of this memorial that I think is so unique is the gathering here in amity, in peace, and in a union that can not be torn apart, of three great Powers, England, France, and the United States, and with England's fairest daughter, the Dominion of Canada."—PRESIDENT TAFT AT BURLINGTON, VERMONT, JULY 8



Indian canoe races on the Lake



The arch over the entrance to Fort Amherst



Among the ruins of Crown Point



Fort St. Anne,—and Champlain's ship



Governor Hughes and the President at the ceremonies in Fort Ticonderoga



The Royal Canadian Highlanders marching in Plattsburg



Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

July 24, 1909

A Sample of Uncle Joe's Work

SPEAKER CANNON, the other day, had to perform his first important official function in many weeks. As ever, he utilized the occasion to give the rudder of our history a twist that was quiet and adroit, but firm and strong, in the direction of the interests of that organized wealth which CANNON represents.

It became the Speaker's official duty to appoint, from the House, five members of the conference committee which has the final framing of the tariff. By every rule, those five should be the senior five members of the Ways and Means Committee. Their names were well known. Every member of Congress—excepting, possibly, the little clique in Uncle Joe's confidence—would have told you with perfect assurance who the five House conferees would be. Every well-informed person in Washington could have said the names, for no one dreamed that CANNON would depart from a rule so well understood.

But the fourth man on the Ways and Means Committee is E. J. HILL of Connecticut, a moderate revisionist, committed to a reasonable reduction of the tariff on lumber. In the conference, Mr. HILL would have fought hard for the House schedules, as against the grossly higher Senate schedules. So Uncle JOE, in naming the conferees, quietly passed over Mr. HILL and selected in his place the eighth man on the list. *That eighth man is JOSEPH W. FORDNEY of Michigan, the man who declared that if he had his way he would not change the Dingley Bill by the "dotting of an i or the crossing of a t."* FORDNEY is frank and a stubborn fighter for higher rates; himself a wealthy owner of timber lands, his chief interest in Congress has been to maintain a high duty on lumber. In effect, Uncle JOE packed the conference committee in favor of revision upward, an act which left, as the sole off hope of the public, President TAFT's presumed fidelity to his campaign promises.

This is a typical example of what we call "Cannonism." It was not a conspicuous vote, not an outspoken speech on the floor of Congress, but a quiet and apparently minor detail of legislative routine. Outside of Washington few people would notice it or understand its significance. Quietly, hour by hour, day by day, these many years CANNON has used his powerful position thus to advance the interests of organized wealth. That is why we see no present need in American politics so important as the deposing of him.

Five Feet of Books

WE PRINT THIS LETTER from ex-President ELIOT about his five-foot shelf of books:

ASTICOU, MAINE, July 10, 1909.

"GENTLEMEN:

"It was your desire and purpose to publish a carefully selected library which, if conscientiously read, would make of the judicious and ambitious reader a cultivated man; and it was this educational purpose which interested me in your undertaking.

"The recent discussions in the public press and in private conversation over 'the five-foot shelf of books' satisfy me that the project had not been correctly apprehended in some quarters. The incomplete and inaccurate list which appeared in the newspapers a few weeks ago was published without my knowledge, and gives an erroneous impression of the project. At this date, not more than half of the books have been decided on.

"The volumes which I undertook to select are intended to give faithful readers who know no language but English a true picture of man's imaginings and reasonings through more than twenty centuries. They must all be works of high literary merit, and must illustrate well the mental and moral history of mankind. While the collection will inevitably contain much philosophy and religion which the twentieth century does not accept, it should demonstrate that much of the present stock of available wisdom has long been at the service of educated men.

"To depict the 'Stream of the World,' the collection must contain worthy representatives of both the ancient literatures and the great national literatures which have been created since the revival of letters; so that the proportions of the different literatures have to be carefully considered. Many famous books are unavailable because too long—that is, they would occupy a disproportionate space in the series.

"The collection can not represent largely the natural science of the nineteenth century, or give much space to the current thought of to-day, because these recent acquisitions of the race have, for the most part, not yet been cast in durable literary form.

"The Bible and Shakespeare are omitted because these books are within the reach of most Americans who read at all.

Very truly yours,

"CHARLES W. ELIOT."

There is little to add to Dr. ELIOT's admirable statement. It was natural that the publication of an incomplete and inaccurate list should have provoked some "silly season" editorials. These wordy symposia concerning books are dearly prized occasions for a display of newspaper erudition. They give a pleasant literary flavor to the page and offer a happy diversion from the weary tariff.

July 24

The New York librarian who declared that the list was "not such as the average New Yorker would select" was not more ingenuous than an editorial writer for the Hearst newspapers, who was apparently surprised that Dr. ELIOT did not share Mr. HEARST's idea of what constitutes good reading.

Out of the mass of criticism, restrained, violent, flippant, or merely dull, which followed the publication of the supposed list, we may take note of one or two misleading assumptions.

One is that Dr. ELIOT consented to lend his name for money to an "advertising scheme" designed to unload upon the public certain books which the publishers had in stock.

Dr. ELIOT consented to select and edit the five-foot shelf of books now newly published under the name of "The Harvard Classics," because he believed by so doing he would encourage a taste for good reading among the people. The publishers feel that the honorarium he received has recompensed him poorly enough for the time and labor he is now spending. That Dr. ELIOT, after a lifetime devoted to teaching, should have undertaken, it is needless to state with the knowledge and approval of his associates, the selection and annotation of "The Harvard Classics" should be no surprise to those who have followed his public utterances for the past forty years.

He has been a consistent advocate of that education which comes from a fellowship with noble books. The publishers of COLLIER'S count themselves fortunate, for reasons not entirely "commercial," in being able to assist America's foremost educator in his task of bringing good books into the homes of the people.

A Good Work Threatened

THE RECLAMATION SERVICE is a branch of our Government which may be viewed with unusual cheerfulness and satisfaction. This is so for several reasons. In the first place, the work it does appeals to the imagination. To create something out of nothing must always be fascinating. Then the relations between the service and the citizen are peculiarly beneficent. State help often endangers individual initiative. In the case of the Reclamation Service the Government merely gives help when and where help is rightly needed. In effect, the Government in building storage reservoirs and irrigation canals on these various projects lends from its vast store to a large number of farmers who, presently, repay the loan in purchasing their land and its water rights. The original capital is again available. The farmers helped are now able to take care of themselves. It is an excellent scheme all round. The Service is new, its engineers and office men young for the most part, enthusiastic, interested in this work and not in politics. The Reclamation Service has thus far been happily free from the domination of merely political ambitions. The appearance in various newspapers of "feelers," suggesting that Chief Engineer NEWELL might be replaced during the autumn by a political friend of the present Secretary of the Interior is, therefore, something to be viewed with uneasy concern. To make a political machine of the Reclamation Service would be seriously to interfere with the work so well started. FREDERICK H. NEWELL has devoted himself to the science of irrigation for over twenty years. He has been behind the Reclamation Service since its beginnings. Few men, if any, know better this special field. He is now in the prime of life—a few years short of fifty. To displace him, as has been suggested, with a man who has had no experience in irrigation work, would be a peculiarly uncalled-for sort of political quick knife sticking and the beginning of a domination which this branch of the Government has been fortunately spared.

The Western Spirit

LIST TO THE SONG of Centralia! Midway between Puget Sound and the broad Columbia, across the cool Cascades, the pæan rises and from it we catch these shining notes. When the panic struck Centralia the town lost its job. Its lumber mills shut down. Instead of yielding to the dumps the buoyant Centralians decided that this was the moment to put their house in order. Their main street was a sea of mud half the year and a puddle of dust the other. There were five thousand people and no sewer system. Not a street was graded, nor was there a sidewalk worthy of the name. They had passed an ordinance prohibiting cows from running at large, and that was about the extent of their civic betterment. These things they resolved to change. The

citizens held a mass meeting for the purpose of increasing their taxes. The assessed valuation jumped from \$580,000 to \$1,688,207. They built their sewer system. They paved the business streets. They spent \$32 for each man, woman, and child, and they ingeniously arranged, by verbal promises, to have the work to go to local labor. The result was that hoarded money came out to be used when it was most needed, that the idle got work, and that a rather shiftless-appearing town became a little city. There are now some eight thousand people—so the Centralians say. Their state of mind is illustrated by the fact that one of the reasons for the defeat of an otherwise excellent candidate for mayor was that although the city had had an electric-light plant for several years he had only recently put lights in his house. The mills are running again. Centralia again has a job. What prosperity didn't do for the Centralians, adversity did. Happy pioneers!

The Contemporary Classics

ON MANHATTAN ISLAND, New York, June 22 of the present year, occurred a public event of primarily academic interest. The participants were nine students of Yale University and nine students of Princeton. The several thousand spectators were chiefly graduates or undergraduates. Of those who were likely to read the newspaper accounts of this event, fully nine-tenths might fairly have been expected to be men who had spent toilsome years in Yale or Princeton, or other universities, acquiring mastery of and a taste for classic literature. From the account of that event in the New York "Times" we take these sentences:

"It was a good game—rattling good. Classy? Rather! Pep? Plenty of it! Ginger? The real old Jamake."

"Bingles and bangles were bunched in the breakaway by the Bulldogs—"

"Sides whipped Murphy's hop to first for a put-out and Warwick snapped the sphere to the plate in time for Dawson to nail Philbin in a daring try for a jot."

"—a bad throw by Sides roosted Fels—"

"The sprinter purloined a perch."

"One down, he laced to left for a landing, making the midway when Sweeny, following Reed's strikeout, threw wildly to first to catch him, and eating up the rest of the distance on Pitkin's dexter drive for a nook."

"Jeff annexed another angle, and when Reed gave the go-by to Logan's grasser, the advance runner scored."

The little island upon which this game was played speaks some sixty tongues. Babel it is often called, but what tongue is this? Haven't the newspapers, in the search for strange sounds to describe baseball games, gone so far that bizarrerie has itself become conventional? What paper will destroy monotony by employing some famous master of classical English to report the championship series next fall, or write its baseball page after the manner of Greek battles? For the thousands of graduates and undergraduates primarily concerned, the big college football games possess a dramatic interest and a mood to which there are close analogies in the Iliad and the Anabasis. To some hundreds of thousands last fall the championship series between Chicago and Detroit were fit events for heroic verse.

A Plea for Canvas

THIS IS THE AGE of gasoline. Over earth and sea the spirit in the tin can drags us at incredible speeds. On land it is relegating the horse to the category of curious luxuries. On water—sad the saying of it!—it is displacing the sailboat. Where once the surface of the changeable blue was flecked with white wings, where the shifting canvas crackled and boomed and the breeze harped its music on the taut sheets, now the eye sees only low-gliding hulls, the ear hears but the pop and splutter of the hurrying put-put boats. Something gracious and beautiful has vanished from the world. Loath, indeed, should we be to believe that it will not return. Surely there is that in the blood of the American which, when his vitality calls for replenishment, urges him to the struggle with the elements, hand-to-hand, on their own terms; which sends him, stripped to gun and ax, to cope with the open; which lures him to outface hoary winter on the frozen rivers, with the ringing steel upon his feet; which bids him launch his petty craft against the chances of wind and wave, and, with a handkerchief stretched on a toothpick, beat his way into the rigor of the northern gale. In a workaday world let us, by all means, go about our necessary business soberly and swiftly to the safe and sane pulsations of a malodorous machine. But, for the thrill at the heart, for the savor of life in playtime, for the sheer joy of matching human wit against the wind's will, of outmaneuvering the might of heaven—up sail and away!

Countryfolk

AN APOSTLE OF NEW ENGLAND passed when SARAH ORNE JEWETT died. She loved "the dry, shrewd, quick-witted New England type," as she called it. She saw its strength and its weakness, but both she loved. Born and brought up "down Maine," she used to drive about with her father, "a country doctor," while he ministered to the countryfolk. This gave her the primal insight into the New England character, which she supplemented with rare instinct. Oddly enough, it has remained for women to pluck out the heart of the Yankee. Some have struck more poignantly the deep note of suffering in the country and the occasional wreck of human souls, which is all the more tragic because it comes in the comparative solitude of farm or hamlet. Miss JEWETT was content to touch the lighter sides, the humors

—and the pathos—of humble lives and hearts. She takes one back to the older New England—the land of the Concord coach and the album on the center table. But she never lapsed into stereotyped forms. The extreme, trousers-tucked-into-his-boots, straw-in-his-mouth, nasal-twang Yankee of the B'Gosh drama does not appear on her pages. Her types are never exaggerated, but invariably human. Yet one feels in her stories her conviction of an inherent divinity in countryfolk which the city-bred lack. Indeed, when she was hardly more than a girl, she defined this:

"There is one side of such lives for which one can not help feeling reverence; they live so much nearer to nature than people who are in cities, and there is a soberness about country people oftentimes that one can not help noticing. I wonder if they are unconsciously awed by the strength and purpose in the world about them, and the mysterious power which is at work with them on their familiar farms. In their simple life they take their instincts for truths, and perhaps they are not always so far wrong as we imagine. Because they are so far instinctive and unreasoning they may have a more complete sympathy with Nature, and may hear her voices when wiser ears are deaf."

All her life she followed this belief, and it illumined the hearts of her simple characters. Such gospel can not spread too far.

Senator Bourne's Vocabulary

SENATOR BOURNE OF OREGON on July 1 made his first formal speech of the session. In the opening paragraph occurred a strange word:

"The struggle was a titanic one, his task herculean, the treatment necessarily heroic, but Mr. ROOSEVELT was equal to the emergency. He first awakened the public conscience, pointed out in an *echinated* manner the existing evils. . . ."

Such as wish to add this word to their vocabularies will find this meaning given by the Standard Dictionary, Twentieth Century edition:

"Echinated—A family of echinoideans, especially diadematoideans having tests with equal diameters, the ambulacral plates compound with pores in triplets, tentacles all alike, and jaws with epiphyses. Set or armed thickly with prickles."

It seems expedient to add that the remainder of the Senator's speech carries the conviction that his intention was to compliment Ex-President ROOSEVELT.

Thunderstorms

THE THUNDERSTORM now has its day. It rumbles across the sunny face of the midsummer heavens. Sometimes it lowers the temperature and fills the air with freshness. Almost invariably it pricks the nerves of your little sister and maiden aunt. It splinters the city flag-pole, it demolishes the village steeple, it burns the farmer's barn. But all this does not prevent the thunderstorm from being the most awe-inspiring phenomenon which nature ordinarily shows to man. The city dweller, scurrying impotently through cañons of masonry, does not have more than a hint of the true grandeur. One should be upon a hilltop or on a broad lake to realize the omnipotence of the storm. The air is sultry. Great white "thunder-heads" pinnacle the heaven. Dark clouds bulk upon the horizon. These are laced with lightning. The dwarfs can be heard at their bowling on distant mountain peaks. The sun is overcast. The storm rushes onward. A glowering copper tinge marks its center. A hush broods over the lake's unrippled waters. Suddenly comes a blast of wind as if from the puffing cheeks of a giant. Then like a marching white waterfall—the rain. It pelts upon the lake until the drops seem to rebound. The thunder has ceased its rumbling. Now it comes *with* the lightning in a treble rip like the tearing of a sail. Thus the storm mounts to its crescendo, steadies, wanes, dwindles, and fades—ramping away across the countryside. The sun creeps out. The heavens shine with fresher blue. The universe is purified. If all this be not majesty, there is none in Nature.

White Magic

WHO'S FOR TREASURE TROVE? Who's for the rainbow's end and the glint o' gold? Let him come here, and read, and have his will. A thrilling word, Goldometer! Not to be met with in the dictionary's arid wastes, but scattered in far-flung seed of print by the genius of a twentieth-century mage. What soul so dulled that it does not feel some faint throb of response to the call? Not all of us, alas! can sail the Spanish Main and hunt the ringing doubloon. But most of us have back yards. And many of us have spades. Millions of wealth under our feet! Universal, indeed, is the ambition to which the P. & M. Agency makes appeal. Whosoever was once

a boy has, somewhere within him, however deep-crusted in disappointments, a profound and touching, though unformulated, expectancy that his own deserts will, one day, be rewarded by a special dispensation of Providence. And in what more glorious, dramatic, and likely way than buried treasure? Let us then be up and digging. After all, the divining rod may be something more than human. At the worst we shall have had some manful exercise. And there is always the remote but splendid chance that the exploring shovel may exhume, if not the teapot of tradition, brimming over with minted metal, then, haply, the bone that Fido interred last week.





The Philippine Assembly, the Lower House of the Legislature, in Session in the Marble Hall of the Ayuntamiento, or Government Building

The second session of the insular lawmakers in Manila closed at one o'clock on the morning of May 21. The long sitting of the final day was consumed by the question of independence, and it was vigorously maintained by the majority of legislators that the islands are fully ripe for it. A resolution was finally adopted instructing Manuel Zuezon, delegate to Washington, that he should ask for the immediate independence of the Philippine Islands

IF YOU had traveled through Antelope Valley in southern California not longer ago than February, in whatever direction your eyes turned, you would have seen long-eared jack-rabbits in countless thousands. They were thick on all sides of you. When they moved, they seemed to do so in concert, like many army corps under one general. They no longer leaped in great strides. They were hobbled, so to speak, by their companions on all sides. Everything green was mowed down as they advanced. First, the free-grazing lands were swept of every vestige of herbage from the foothills to the outskirts of the settlements. Then they deployed into divisions to prey upon the enclosed alfalfa fields.

The rabbits would enter a field of alfalfa just ready for cutting and leave it cleaner than if swept by a prairie fire. A small field of ten acres, under fence, near Lancaster, was invaded one day at sunset by a

A Plague of Jack-Rabbits in Southern California



A jack-rabbit drive in southern California, where these pests of the hay-field are slain by thousands

and departed as mysteriously, between days.

In 1864 there was another such pestilence in Antelope Valley. A stage-driver claims to have encountered a vast hegebra of jack-rabbits that year in the Mohave Desert. They were headed for the Colorado River. His story was given credence among the natives of Antelope Valley. It partly explained to them the absence of the thousands that had infested the valley. No one had seen them depart. At sundown these invaders were everywhere in sight, but the following morning and thereafter there were none to be seen, as if they had vanished at the wave of a magic wand.

It is a noticeable fact that these visitations have occurred only in unusually wet years, and also that such pestilences have been followed by six or seven years of great drought. In the present instance there are unmistakable signs of a dry year. No rain has fallen in Antelope Valley since March, and the rainy season is now far past.



Georgia's New Governor

Joseph M. Brown, "Little Joe" the hundred-pound statesman, after being sworn into the executive chair of Georgia upon the Bible of his father, "Joe" Brown, war-time Governor and United States Senator, is here seen leaving the Capitol with his close friend, ex-Governor J. M. Terrell

swarm of the pests. There were not less than seven thousand in this ten-acre patch, a jack-rabbit almost to every ten blades of alfalfa. At sunup, which is a jack-rabbit's bedtime, not a blade of grass was visible in this field. Nor was there a vestige of alfalfa in three adjoining fields. Four fields in one night—a jack-rabbit's day. The ten-acre field alone represented a loss of \$2,000.

The cattle owners were forced to round up their starving cattle and either transfer them to distant pastures across the mountains or send them to the Los Angeles market for killing. Feed for the stock in daily use had to be brought in at high prices. The ranchers, who supplied their tables with vegetables from their gardens, had to buy in the Los Angeles market or go without.

Early during this rabbit scourge the ranchers were hopeful of getting control of the situation. After the stock had been rounded up and transferred, they set out poison all over the free-grazing lands. The grazing lands soon were littered with dead rabbits, and the atmosphere was foul with the stench of the thousands which lay unburied. To cross one of these fields on foot without tramping on a dead rabbit at every step was somewhat of a feat. Their swollen bodies were everywhere. A more terrible pestilence than that of the devastation by the rabbits was feared. The word went out to stop poisoning. The ranchers then organized great rabbit hunts, and invited every one for miles around. They were killed by the thousands in these hunts, but the rabbits seemed to multiply faster than they were killed. In one of these hunts I counted, with the assistance of two persons, nine thousand rabbits, and then we gave up the count. The ranchers tried in vain to protect their alfalfa fields with rabbit wire-fencing.

Such were the conditions as late as February; now you may consider yourself in luck to jump one jack-rabbit from its hiding-place in a day's drive through Antelope Valley. They came almost in a night, in vast armies,



The "Half Moon" Under Sail

The "Half Moon," built in Holland for the Hudson-Fulton celebration, left Rotterdam July 9, on the deck of the Holland-American liner "Loestdyke," scheduled to reach New York July 22. She was fully rigged out and put on trial under her own canvas before being hoisted aboard the steamer

Traps and Pitfalls

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

THIS is the third of the series of articles on "The New World of Trade." It describes the methods in which publicity may be used against the interests of the reader. Glittering promises should be searched with common sense; there is always a hook. The first article of this series of four, "The Art of Advertising," was published May 22; the second, "Fair Trade and Foul," on June 19; the next and last, "The Publisher and the Public," will appear August 21.



YEARS ago an ingenious, inventive, and anonymous person filled the public eye briefly, and to this effect: "Three Yards of Fine Silk: Only Twenty-five Cents." Bargain-hunters hastened to deluge him with silver quarters by mail, receiving in return nine feet of silk thread. Gone is that genius, together with his fellow of master-finance, the man who vended the ordinary two-cent stamp of commerce as "A Handsome Steel Engraving of George Washington for Ten Cents in Silver." But their imitators, less original, though more rapacious, are still doing business. They are the twentieth century bunco men.

No longer do these vendors of the new-style green-goods lurk at ferry entrances, awaiting the guileless farmer. The business has developed far beyond that. Nowadays they hire offices, enwrap themselves in firm names of impressive purport, and seek the victim in his own home through the agency of the published word. In the aggregate they take millions of dollars yearly from the general current of trade, and it comes mostly from the pockets of those who can ill afford it.

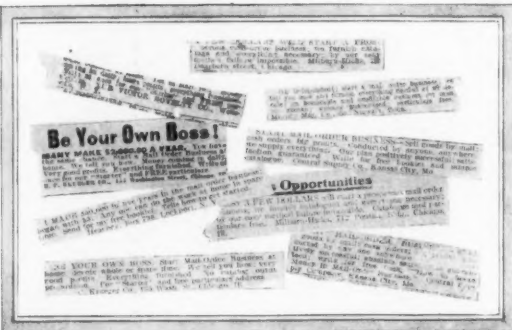
Under various guises these gentry work their wiles. What more innocent, on first thought, than, for example, a clothes-rack? Yet it is through this humble and useful contrivance that the W. A. Jenkins Manufacturing Company conducts its profitable swindle. Consider the advertisement hereto appended. Could any offer be more explicit of promise? Permanent employment at \$25 a week and expenses, and your work all laid out for you. "No experience necessary." Is it conceivable that there should be men toiling for a mere pittance, or out of work altogether, when opportunity such as this sounds its golden trumpet-call to a million households?

Let us, then, be up and doing the well-salaried and experienced work of the Jenkins philanthropy. We write, applying for the job. We receive promptly a reply flattering to our hopes, so flattering that we take little heed of a modest request for a \$15 order of clothes-racks to begin business on. As soon as we have ordered the \$15 worth of racks, with cash accompanying the order, the salary contract will be forthcoming. Forward goes the \$15. Back come the racks. But the salary contract? That's another matter. To be sure, there arrives a document, purporting to be a contract, but proving to be nothing at all but a curio of pseudo-legal crookedness. For our \$15 we have received a lesson in experience, and that is about all. Perhaps the racks should be reckoned on the credit side; but, personally, we have never possessed sufficient apparel to decorate \$15 worth of clothes-racks, and never hope to.

Forgetful Institutions

LONDON, Ontario, Canada, is the home of the Jenkins scheme. The same town boasts two other financial institutions so similar in character and purpose to it, that one suspects something more than a geographical coincidence. "Farmers' Sons Wanted" advertises the Veterinary Science Association. Ostensibly the progeny of the soil are wanted to earn \$60 a month with an expense allowance of \$50 a month for starting branch offices of the association.

In reality, however, it is the farmers' sons' money that is wanted; \$3 for a book on veterinary practice, please; then three "members" to be gathered into the fold by him at an initiation fee of \$2 each. Having secured \$9 from him by this simple method, the association abruptly loses all interest in the farmer's son and, simultaneously, all recollection of the \$60-a-month-salary promise. Now, if the ambitious youth wishes to add to his collection of prom-



The mail-order scheme—whereby you are to sit around and let the postman bring you money

ployment can begin. "Please remit." After receiving which the medical concern goes on its primrose of petty larceny rejoicing and leaving its new employee to doctor himself for the painful and surprising sensation of having been stung.

"Salaries" Which You Pay

PERHAPS the most glowing promise ever held out in hot type is that of R. D. Martel of Chicago. Here is generous maintenance, clothing, art, and a princely present awaiting the eager grasp. But as the eager grasp contracts, it must have a small sum of money in it to pay for a "sample case." And at the touch of that money, at the blight of material things, the whole golden witchcraft dissolves. The \$100 present is mist, the \$85 salary is fairy gold, the suit of clothes is woven of the rainbow, and the \$50 check is—well that's material anyway, and a very remarkable document too. The only difficulty about it is that it isn't cashable. It's a fake, like the rest of the offer. As a refutation of the widespread slander that only high financiers attain immunity from the laws, I instance the fact that Mr. Martel is still out of jail.

To find out what underlies the \$100-a-week salary offer of the Columbia House, one must first make a \$15 deposit for its outfit of hardware. That entitles you to call yourself an agent, and gives you authority to "appoint" subagents, each of whom must pay in a deposit also. Part of this deposit you are entitled to keep, this constituting the promised "refund" of your own deposit. So cunningly is your contract worded that, if you fail to appoint six subagents, the company can keep your \$15. As for the "salary," that consists in a percentage on what you can fleece your unfortunate subagents out of. When the supply of subagents stops, so does the "salary."

Presumably there is some ingenious legal quirk which keeps this kind of enterprise out of the clutches of the law, for it is a popular device. George G. Clows, who runs the American Home Supply Company, uses it to collect an \$11 deposit. The Purify Company of Chicago charges you \$11 for a sample outfit, plus the experience of finding that you've been buncoed and that the "\$25 and expenses" is merely a bait. The Javelle Company's promise of \$36 a week is just as fallacious as the Clevis Company's \$80 a month, or the Bailey Company's \$88 a month, or Ziegler & Company's \$12 to \$18 a week. All of them want to palm off their "samples" or "outfits" on you. None of them pays a salary as promised.

Lesser employments also hold out their lure. What youthful imagination would not be stirred by the chance



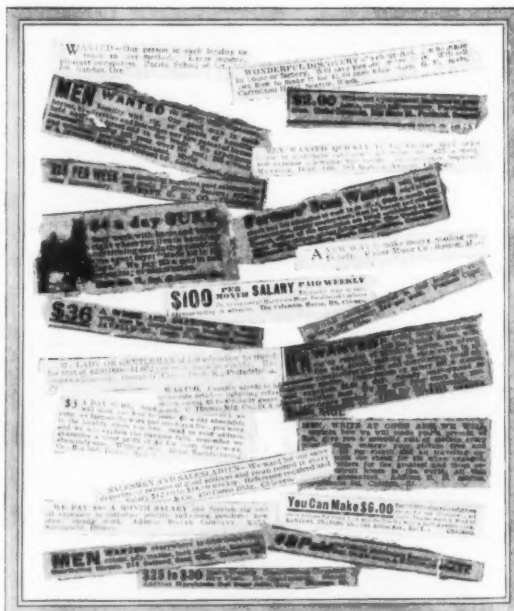
The kind of contract and guaranty which should be read from every angle and weighed with judgment before subscribing yourself to the conditions

ises, he may have a \$90 one from the Empire Medicine Company of London, Ontario. There is the offer in cold print: \$90 a month salary and \$3 a day expenses for distributing advertising matter. But first there is the small item of \$4 for samples before the em-

of being a real, live detective? Here it is, in cold print: Shrewd men wanted and no experience necessary. Webster of Indianapolis offers the thrilling opportunity; so does Gramman of Cincinnati. The first charges \$2 fee and the second \$3. For that you get a badge and a few papers, and can masquerade as a detective to your heart's content if the real police don't catch you impersonating an officer. Having your money safely stored away, the Old Sleuth factories have no interest in your subsequent proceedings.

The Sale of Memberships

FOR those whose ambition is content with lowlier things, there are the concerns which advertise for men to distribute circulars and advertising matter and tack up signs. Their literature is full of attractive promises, and they sell you certificates of membership for various sums, after which they implore you to buy stationery from them. I belong to three of these organizations, as I can prove by gorgeous documentary evidence; but I've never had a single job from any of them. For membership in the Merchants' Outdoor Advertising Company, I paid \$2; while the National Distributing Bureau and the Sun Advertising Bureau got \$1 each out of me. Up in Cohoes, New York, one A. W. Scott runs a sort of department store



Salary guarantees, which seem to dissolve when you have completed the payment of the preliminary fees

of mail-order fakes, one of which promises \$8 per hundred for distributing samples of washing fluid. You may get the \$8 if you can. Meanwhile, please to pay Mr. Scott \$1 for the formula of the fluid, and another dollar for the privilege of bidding on the contracts. Thank you, from Mr. Scott. That will be all at present. Good day.

A Guaranty on a Catch-Line

AN OFFER which is guaranteed in print can not but have weight with the inexperienced reader. Both the Royal Manufacturing Company and the C. Thomas Manufacturing Company find their way into respectable publications. After I had bought the Royal Company's "silverware," which is very far from being what it purports to be, I sought to extract from them the promised guaranty. They replied that the guaranty offer was only a catch-line; it wasn't made in good faith. As for the Thomas Manufacturing Company, who deal in "self-sharpening" scissors, they considered

it quite them. than ab guarant of guar ing scis Motor, pher's s

"Wid which a work is be done investi these traps for exa Needle bornvil For he cant needles to jo scheme guiles she w origina promis copyin twelve them, seven Compa cents This is Compa its pr cents propri minut The offers most Philad is "se From It is to ful this stress shield of eig an ex day a

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it quite absurd that a guaranty should be demanded of them. Perhaps it is absurd. But it's something worse than absurd that they should advertise "\$3 to \$10 daily guaranteed" when they haven't the remotest intention of guaranteeing a cent. Incidentally, the "self-sharpening scissor" is a contrivance in the class with the Keeley Motor, the perpetual-motion machine, and the philosopher's stone.

"Widow-chasers" is the picturesque trade term by which a certain class of petty swindlers is known. Home-work is the sign of their craft. Usually it is sewing to be done at home; sometimes copying. In two years of investigation I have found no exception to the rule that these home-work offers are traps for the unwary. Take, for example, the offer of the Needle Company of Sanbornville, New Hampshire. For her ten cents the applicant gets a package of needles and an opportunity to join an endless-chain scheme, whereby she beguiles her friends just as she was beguiled by the original advertisement. By promising them work at copying names, she extracts twelve cents from each of them, of which she sends seven cents to the Needle Company and keeps five cents for her commission. This is as near as the Needle Company comes to fulfilling its promise of thirty-three cents an hour for copying names. It might with equal propriety, accuracy, and honesty advertise to pay \$4 a minute for lassoing mud-turtles.

The sanitary belts, shields, aprons, and piece-work offers are all on the same basis. Take the case of the most widely advertised one, the Universal Company of Philadelphia. The gist of this is that, though the work is "sent prepaid," there is a charge of \$1 for sample. From this sale of samples the concern makes its profits. It is practically impossible for an inexperienced worker to fulfil the conditions of employment. In order to test this matter, I gave the work to an experienced seamstress. It took her an hour and a quarter to make one shield, at which rate she would earn the munificent sum of eighty cents a day for a ten-hour day. Problem: if an experienced seamstress can make but eighty cents a day at the work, what could a novice earn?

A Lure for Home-Workers

THE Best Manufacturing Company, which has done business also under the aliases of the Ladies' Exchange and the Royal Company, seeks to beguile the innocent into doing "Zephyr Embroidery." As a preliminary step, \$1.50 must be paid for material. Then, it is found, the work is impossible under the restrictions imposed by the concern, which is \$1.50 the richer by the sale of material



possible to make a living in this way. So Mr. Frost has the \$2 and the ambitious home-worker has the experience.

Encouragement (on a strictly financial basis) awaits those who woo the muse. No singer need die unpublished who has the price, so long as the musical grafters continue to do business. I have tried them all, and caught most of them, with a poem of such driving inanity that no sane publisher could possibly accept it on a business basis. Nevertheless, all the concerns whose advertisements are printed here grew enthusiastic over my versified slush, and were sure it would make a success "when set to our catchy and tuneful music." "No charge for writing music," says the North American Music Company; and they stuck to that when they accepted the poem, but—\$17 for publishing expenses, or no publication. "Cash or Royalty for Available Manuscript," advertised the Wainwright Music Company, but, though my manuscript proved "available," the cash proved to have what a billiard player would describe as a "reverse twist" on it, since it went from me to them, instead of coming from them to me. Five dol-



Detective certificates for people not shrewd enough to detect the certificate—songs solicited, music offered, publication assured—at your expense

lars was the price of immortality at their hands. The Victor Music Company demanded \$10, or no publication. The Colonial Music Company and the Popular Music Company, which appear to be different names for the same concern, asked \$25. Nine dollars was the charge of the Hayes Music Company. While Edward Madden's brand of music to order cost \$1 more than this. To do Mr. Madden justice, however, he returned my money upon my pointing out certain defects in his music. Ren Shields, who advertises himself as having written "In the Good Old Summer Time," further implicated himself by asking me \$6 to give publicity to the awful stuff I sent him, but subsequently turned me over to Arthur A. Penn, who considered it too short, and urged me to "add a verse or two to it," agreeing in that case to "give it a first-class and original musical setting" for \$10. Here it is in all its enormity:

THE ENGINEER

Who would not be the Engineer;
See him standing at the throttle;
He does not use Whisky or Beer
Or touch Tobacco or the Bottle.

Chorus— Then three cheer
For the Engineer;
He is always true and brave,
He does not know any fear
Even if he goes to his grave.

This it is which Mr. Penn considers "far too short"! The Rev. W. G. Price conducts what he terms "The Square Deal Company" at Newport, New York, and

scatters abroad "want" ads, appealing for sacred verse and Sunday-school hymns. It's the same old swindle in religious guise. He finds my made-to-order drive "available," and asks me to pay him for publishing it, holding out glittering prospects of royalties as the logical outcome. Far down in the expense scale is the Song Writers' Association, which offered to do business with me for \$3.

Now, I am not prepared to deny that these musical furnishers and outfitters fulfil an amiable function by making glad the heart of some otherwise mute, inglorious Milton of Peapack, New Jersey, or Waco, Texas, who otherwise would never experience the thrill of seeing himself in real live type. But when they beguile the fledglings of poetry into paying out good money on the pretense that their slushy verbiage is potentially profitable, they ought to be locked up and compelled to read their own publications aloud.

Apparently the bottom is dropping out of a once lively profession—the teaching of the mail-order business by mail. Where two years ago every fake publication and many of the respectable ones exploited a dozen of these concerns in every issue, now there are but three or four survivors. Their aim, ostensibly, is to give instruction

in the mail-order trade, at which enormous profits are to be made. "Our plan positively successful; satisfaction guaranteed," proclaims one. "I made \$50,000 in five years in the mail-order business; began with \$5," announces Heacock of Lockport, New York. What these and the other mail-order tricksters really do is to load up the caught victim with letter-heads, envelopes, old lists of names, or various knick-knacks which they keep on hand, as stock-in-trade, on the pretext that he can make splendid profits by reselling them through the mails.

Magic Inheres in the Printed Word

THE whole thing rests on a trade fallacy. The "teachers" have the very goods which they sell to the beginner (at a profit, of course), and the same opportunities of selling through the mails that he has. If there is such a large profit to be made, what is to prevent their going into the field direct and underselling him? Why should they establish competitors, on every hand, in a business that returns an easy and big percentage? Again, every new applicant whom they start in business becomes a competitor of every other victim, and must strive to sell in a field that has been worked and reworked until it is practically sterile. There isn't a mail-order "teacher" in the business who can give references worth the paper they're written on. In its very nature the business is essentially a thrashing of the empty air.

Often the discoverer of a new method of money-making offers, via the public prints, to share his secret for a modest consideration; too modest, indeed, to be honest. How much would you suppose a fuel to be worth which would cut heating bills down fifty per cent? A billion dollars would hardly overestimate it. Well, here's one, Davis of Seattle, who offers the secret for a single dollar. "Can be made in home or factory."

His recipe is a mixture of sawdust, crude fuel oil, and shingle-mill shavings, pressed into cubes. Perfectly simple! All you need for the raw material is a saw-mill, a shingle factory, and an oil well; while, as for the pressing, surely there will be an old brick-press lying about the attic somewhere! The Globe Company's \$100-a-month scheme, which it sells for \$2, is simply an outworn recipe for soap. As for the Pacific School of Art, you pay \$5 to a "Prof." Eaton to learn an impracticable and worthless process of turning a respectable photograph into a lurid

chromo. "Chemical painting," he calls it, and instructs you how to start classes, which are to order their materials from him. Of course it's simple bunco.

Magic, surely, inheres in the printed word. Otherwise, how account for the fact that thousands of persons go into enterprises by mail which if presented by word of mouth through an agent would provoke only contemptuous laughter from even the most innocent? Take, for example, the offers of employment in the first group of advertisements, and recast a typical one in terms of a personal offer. As thus: a stranger comes to you and, without any introduction or guaranty, says:

"I wish to engage your services at a good salary, plus a generous commission. All expenses will be paid. It is true I never saw you before, but that makes no difference. I'll take a chance. Will you work for me?"

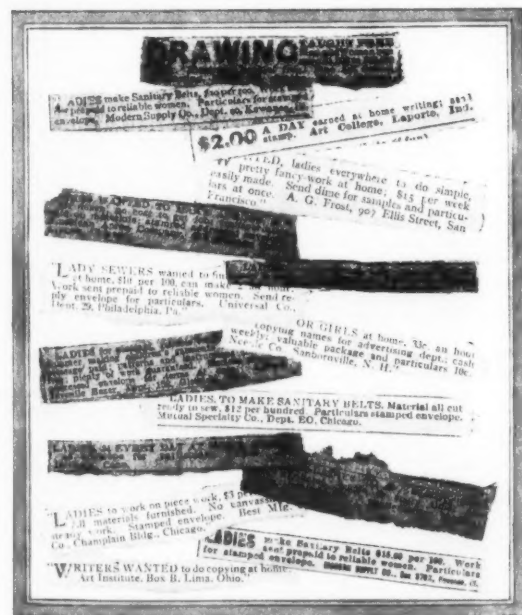
Thus far you might consider your new acquaintance merely a harmless lunatic. But now he adds:

"As a condition of obtaining this employment, you will deposit \$10 with me, for samples of the goods you are to sell."

Isn't the cloven hoof plain enough there? You would kick that man out of your house. Yet those offers come to you every week or month in the "classified" columns of the newspapers and magazines, and if you yourself are not influenced by them, others are. No publication which carries classified advertising is free of them, or can be kept free without almost preternatural watchfulness, so shrewdly are some of them disguised. The rule of self-preservation from these swindlers is a simple one, resting on business common sense.

Beware of a Job That Hunts You Up

PAY no money to an unknown person for an unknown article. If a man who doesn't know you offers you a job through the mails and asks money from you, find out what the job is first, and then don't pay the money. Good jobs don't hunt men by mail. They don't have to. If it's a salary he offers you, he's a swindler. Honest business men do not pay salaries to unseen applicants. If he "guarantees" so much per day or week or month to you, he's a liar. No man can guarantee your earning powers without knowing who or what you are. If he cites tempting figures, seeking to enroll you among his agents, and asks you for a deposit on a sample article, shun him. You wouldn't pay money for an article you had never seen to a man whom you chanced to meet on the street because he promised you an agency. Why, then, pay to it an unknown who calls from afar to you through a newspaper or magazine? Let him, if he be honest, send his sample on approval. And, above all, when you have been swindled by a fake advertiser, tell the publisher of the medium in which you found the advertisement. If he's honest, he'll be glad to know of it. If he's dishonest, he'll be uncomfortable. Two to one, he took that advertisement with an uneasy feeling anyway. And if ten per cent of the victims protested with the might that is in them against these swindles, ninety per cent of the petty larcenists who thrive on printers' ink would take either to honest labor or the woods.



"Widow-chasers"—a type of advertisement which is set for the woman dependent upon her needle

which cost perhaps fifteen cents. The same scheme has been worked in the case of the Juvenile Bazaar Company and the American Apron Company, both of which are now, I believe, out of business. The Ladies' Aid of Durham, Connecticut, charges fifty cents for "a life-time income," and sends a recipe for "Vienna Crisp" with directions for hiring agents and the information that the sale of only twenty-five bags a day will bring in the daily dollar promised. "Your money back if not as represented." A letter requesting the money back elicited a reply from Mrs. F. P. Barton, declining to make the promised restitution, but offering for an additional \$1.50 to let me in on a scheme that her husband was running!

A. G. Frost's little game is inspiring home-workers to tinsel fancy cards. All that is needed for this remunerative work is an outfit which he stands ready to supply for only \$2. Only after purchasing this does the victim find that the trade isn't as eager for tinselled cards as Mr. Frost's encouraging letters had indicated; in fact, that it is im-



Our Japanese Territory

Seventy-five Per Cent of the Population of the Hawaiian Islands Is of Oriental Extraction—Their Industrial Invasion, and the Problems It Has Brought

By ALEXANDER HUME FORD

TEN THOUSAND Japanese strikers are in open rebellion in Hawaii, and seventeen of their leaders are under arrest, indicted by the Grand Jury on the charge of conspiracy. The most recent official reports from Hawaii indicate that over fifty-one per cent of its population is Japanese and that the little brown people there are outracing, births over deaths, all other nationalities in the islands combined. Perhaps seventy-five per cent of the population of Hawaii is of Oriental extraction, and another generation may see Hawaii a State of the United States, with yellow Senators sitting in our Capitol at Washington. The hope of the people is otherwise, and a campaign, with limitless capital behind it, is now in progress to repeople the islands with white men.

Shall Hawaii enter the Union as a Japanese State? is a question seriously asked by the handful of whites in our island Territory. It is quite possible that she may; in fact, it is a matter that a few influential and wealthy men in Hawaii have it in their hands practically to decide, one way or the other.

The story of the Japanese invasion of Hawaii goes back to the year 1885, when the first Japanese laborers were brought to Hawaii by the white man to work for him in the cane fields. The year 1909 sees the majority of all the people who live in our island Territory Japanese subjects, the press largely Oriental, and the "Jiji" (the editor of which is now under indictment), one of the leading Japanese dailies of Honolulu, giving utterance to this threat to the very men who made Hawaii our Japanese Territory: "Planters, listen to us, if you do not accede to our demands, all Hawaii will be turned into darkness."

There may be war in Hawaii between the Japanese and the sugar-planter, but between the masses of the white and yellow races only a feeling of friendship exists.

It was the American and English born sugar-planters who turned Hawaii over first to the adult hosts of Japan. There was money in it, it was business, and they did it. Now that a new army of yellow voters-to-be is growing up, these very planters are preparing to spend millions in the hope of undoing what they have done, and to repeople Hawaii with the white man, not entirely because they are philanthropic and patriotic, but largely because of a growing sentiment among the Japanese which culminated recently in burning articles and editorials in the Honolulu "Jiji" and other Hawaiian Japanese papers, denouncing the great land barons and urging a rising against them in fervent appeals to "take up the heavy iron hammer and get rid of the odious fools" who oppose their demands. These demands are for "white man's wages" and a larger recognition of their desire to acquire land.

The Kanaka Resents the Jap

ONE has but to glance about him in Hawaii to realize how completely the Japanese have conquered the islands, industrially at least. No one acquainted with the facts wonders that the native Hawaiian has no love for the Japanese; they are rivals. Once the fishing was entirely in the hands of the native. He fished when he wished to, needing either food or something he could buy from the proceeds of a sale of fish to the white man or the Chinaman. To his own people custom demanded that he give, so, of course, the socialistic native preferred some other individual of his race to do the actual work, and he would share the profits for the asking. Then came the Japanese. The Chinaman was always willing to buy fish from the native and even built markets in which to sell them, but the Japanese did his own fishing, built deep-sea boats, even

putting auxiliary motor engines in some of them, for a time employed native fishermen, until he learned the best fishing places, and then deep-sea fishing in Hawaii quickly became a Japanese monopoly.

Also, with the Chinese, the Japanese have preempted the ancient tara fields of the natives. These now grow rice, or tara, that the Oriental pounds into poi, the native food, and sells to the Hawaiian.

It is not only the native Hawaiian that the little

brown brother squeezes, for he is crowding the white man out of coffee-growing, raises bananas, and, as a small farmer, puts even the agricultural experiment stations to shame.

Ten years ago, on my first visit to Hawaii, I took a walk up Pauaa Valley, just behind Honolulu. Every other house was that of a native, and the bed of the valley was one vast tara plantation divided by imaginary lines into little holdings, each acre of which would comfortably support an entire Hawaiian family. Toward the mountains Hawaiian boys and girls gathered the wild guava. There were but thirty-odd thousand Japanese in Hawaii then, and I met none in this most delectable and picturesque valley under the American flag.

But yesterday! Another walk along the same paths—one native grass house remained in all the valley; Japanese boys gathered the wild guava, but to do so they climbed a mile or more farther up the valley than I had ever before explored. I met Japanese men and children coming down the roads and byways with vegetables and even strawberries daintily wrapped in the useful ti leaf. Far up the valley, in the very last gulch, nestled a little grass-thatched house of old Japan, and on the almost perpendicular hillside beyond a Japanese woman was terracing the whole, and on those terraces grew acres of fragrant violets, from which a family of tiny Japanese children were making artistic bouquets.

To deny that the Japanese have created the greater part of the wealth of Hawaii would be absurd. Their toil creates the \$40,000,000 worth of sugar that Hawaii annually sends to San Francisco and New York. But the Japanese is inclined to remain on the sugar estates only until he has saved enough to lease an acre or two for his own personal use. Then he builds his little shack, and becomes an independent; or he drifts to Honolulu and creates some new industry there, on a small scale to start with.

His children are educated in the public schools, so that when they graduate, with a refinement and knowledge their fathers never acquired, they would as soon think of becoming human beasts of burden in the fields as they would to draw a rickshaw through the streets of Honolulu. They become physicians, lawyers, teachers, business men, clerks, ousting the young white men from every opening, and add to the complexity of the problem of the Anglo-Saxon in Hawaii.

Commercial Enterprises of the Japanese

THERE is a Japanese Merchants' Association, with agencies on all the plantations, and there independent stores are conducted, wherever land can be secured for a building. The great firms in which the millions of the white man are invested begin to feel this competition, for the Japanese undersells his white brother, who, as a rule, does not run a plantation store merely for the benefit of the plantation hands. The Japanese have also taken a hand in the transportation business. It costs many dollars to go from Honolulu to the windward side of the island in a white man's rig. The Japanese have begun to operate a "bus line" that carries passengers at a dollar a head. They are just beginning to compete in water transportation between the islands. When the Hawaiian-born Jap becomes more numerous, he will, of course, place steamers on the inter-island runs at Japanese rates of fare, creating a revolution in methods in our island Territory that will mean more to the white man than anything yet accomplished by legislation.

At present inter-island rates are so abnormally high that it is practically impossible for the small white farmer on one island to get his produce to



Fishing boats in Honolulu Harbor



Japanese melon farm, Oahu Island



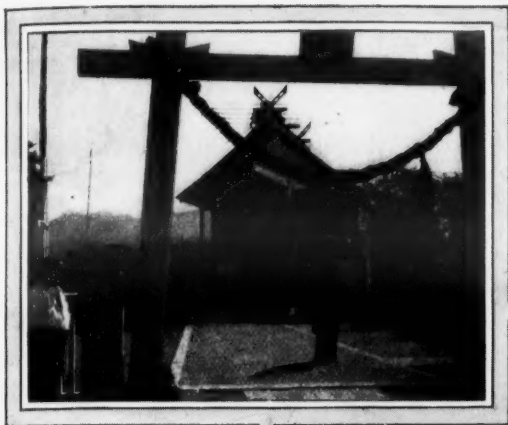
A bit of real Japan on a Hawaiian plantation with bedecked roofs on cottages clinging to the mountainside, artistically created to blend with the scenery



A white man's Japanese villa



A Japanese wall sign, Honolulu



Japanese temples everywhere

THE Hawaiian Japanese are lovers of beauty in nature. Editor Sheba, who owns two Japanese dailies in Honolulu—organs of the Pro-American-Japanese—and his compatriots offered to create a Japanese park in the heart of Honolulu. Ground on either side of the beautiful Nuuanu stream was given for the purpose, and the leading whites, from the Governor down, came to Sheba's support. Not so with ex-Queen Liliuokalani, however, who, surrounded by her coterie of Haoli-haters (despisers of the whites), promptly leased the bed of the stream, which she owned, to contractors with permission to blast out

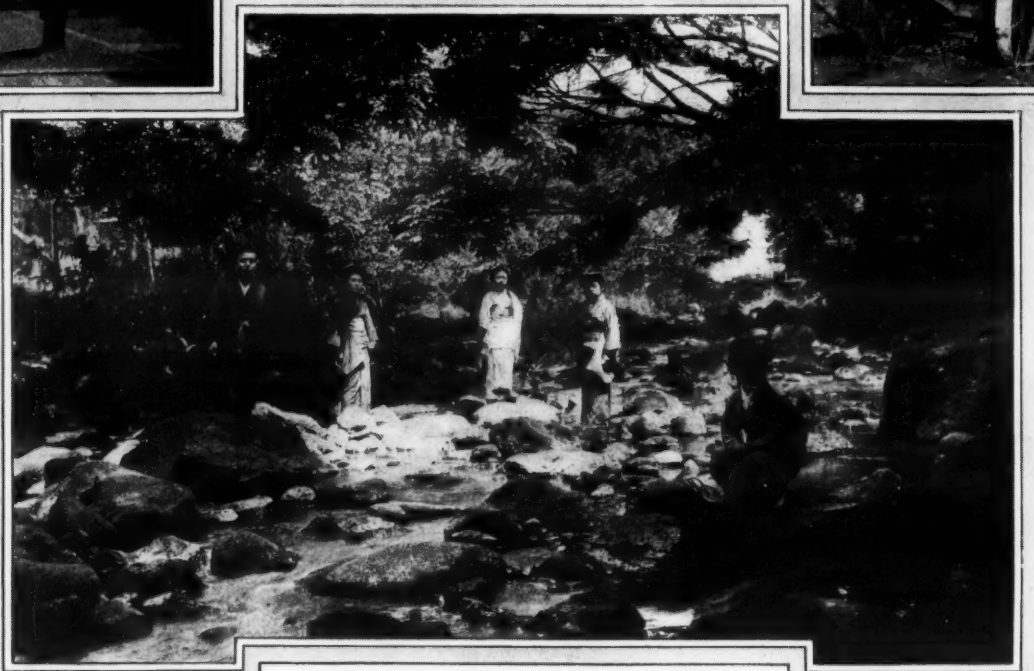
Jap is to do for the white man in Hawaii that which he has failed to do for himself. Incidentally it will also enable the Jap truck gardener to get his produce at fair rates to an open market.

If the white man and the Japanese in Hawaii could join hands, instead of remaining merely friendly, but aloof and fearful, many of the industrial problems in Hawaii could easily be solved to the advantage of both races, and the white in the long run would be the greater gainer, as the only way in which the Oriental can now enter Hawaii is from the other world—direct, but via this route, however, the new arrivals are increasing every day, and will increase. Moreover, the experiment of permitting some of the Japs to cultivate at night bits of field in the gulches which the steam-plows can not



Japanese plowing by steam

the rocks and despoil its beauty forever—and Liliuokalani was born on the banks of this stream, the pride of the old Hawaiians. In vain the whites offered the full sum the queen was paid by the contractors to permit the rocks to remain as nature had placed them. The Japanese workmen, however, eventually threw up their contract rather than destroy the natural beauty of the proposed park. It remains with Liliuokalani, who is seeking a \$100,000 pension from the Haoli's Government, and receives \$15,000 annually from the Territory, to say whether or not Honolulu may proceed with its Japanese garden



Nuuanu stream, site of the proposed Japanese park, to be laid out in the heart of Honolulu

a market on another, or to Honolulu, while passenger fares are probably the highest, by water, in the world.

Of course the transportation monopoly makes an enormous profit, but it is at the expense of the American settlement of Hawaii, and now it seems that the

reach has resulted in wedding these fortunate ones to the soil. With an acre or two that will net them sixty or seventy dollars' profit, they can not

find it in their thrifty souls to desert. Instead, larger Japanese families than ever are reared, the sons of which are American-born voters. Without white immigration, another generation may see the majority of legal voters in Hawaii sons of the Oriental.

The Making of a Mother

By a Woman Who Found Life Heavy Until She Learned How to Live It

I HAVE done my duty by posterity. I have borne more than the theoretical four children. I have met and struggled with the problems of maternity, and to my satisfaction I have solved one at least. I will tell you.

I am young and poor, healthy and happy. Every day I have to work hard in the rearing of my family and the caring for my house; yet I never have "the blues," and my children are mentally and physically all that I wish them to be. But circumstances were not always so, and until I determined upon my present course of living, I was a tired, overworked, discouraged woman, who had grown to consider marriage about the worst possible of institutions.

Matters grew bad gradually, for when I was first married I had no very definite ideas about anything, except that, of course, I had secured for my helpmeet about the finest man on earth. I did not formulate this opinion, because to me the fact was so very evident; to think otherwise was impossible.

The Endless Toil of the Household

CHILDREN came frequently—one a year for several years—and almost before I knew it conditions had so altered that I saw nothing in life with the same eyes with which I had seen the world a few years before. My life was spent in one long doing of uninteresting things, ugly things, and, I now see, unnecessary things. From early morning until late at night I cooked and scrubbed, washed and ironed, mended and sewed, and waited on children, with never an hour for anything else, until all the joy departed from existence, and I became the mere machine which did the work; a machine self-oiling and self-regulating, and who be unto that machine if a cog ever slipped.

All about me I saw other women even as myself—women who, a few short years before had been fresh, pretty girls, ready to laugh and take life lightly, but now broken, middle-aged women, old before their time, eternally busy in the treadmill of motherhood. Some of these women had children who were grown—daughters who had married and started on the same weary round. Others had little ones, but all seemed equally enslaved to the washtub, the sewing-machine, the dishpan, and ironing-board. We never went anywhere—we women—for what pleasure can a mother have if she must take four or five children with her—or what pleasure have the children either, for that matter? Our clothes were hopelessly out-of-date, because we had so few

chances to wear what we owned that garments never grew shabby, and with a family to look after, and little money, where is the mother whose conscience would allow her to buy a new gown while she possessed one "just as good as new"? We had small time for personal adornment of any kind.

Personally, it was not so much the drudgery which I hated, for I could have willingly done any of this, but it was so everlasting, and I began to feel so utterly worn out, that my ideals were smothered to death in the avalanche of petty things which continually descended upon me.

The children, for example. Before I ever bore one I wanted a large family, and looked forward with joy to having them grow up around me. I was domestic in my tastes, and each child had been welcome. Bearing them had seemed no special drain upon my vitality, but now that they were here, and all too young to be of any help to me, I found so much to do for their physical needs that I had no time to give to their spiritual. After they were dressed and placed at play, I spent the remainder of the day in washing and ironing for them, mending for them, cooking their food and bathing them. I felt relieved when they were in bed at night, so I could sit quietly and sew during the evening. But this was not at all as I had intended life to be, and so far as personal communion with them was concerned, I simply never had time to be interested in the things which interested them. I felt somehow that I was a failure here, although nearly all the women I knew trudged the same routine.

I had given up so much. Once I had been fond of reading, but now I never had time for it. There were too many stockings to darn. Before I married I had even cultivated a talent to the extent of earning some money, besides affording me a great joy in the working. Now I was becoming stupid; I felt it. I had altered so imperceptibly and by such slow degrees that I had not known when the change began. However, I felt it none the less keenly.

As for my husband—sometimes, of an evening, as he sat reading, I would look up from my sewing and regard him curiously, wondering whether he realized how things were with me or not. He always looked so prosperous and rested. I knew I was getting thin, and thought with dread of approaching wrinkles. I found we could not talk to each other as we once had done. He not only read books and magazines, but the daily newspapers, and he knew all about topics

of which I never even heard. When one of the children had the croup it was I who worked through the still hours of the night, for, as he explained, he had to be at the office all day, and he must have his sleep. And yet I do not think he was more selfish than other men. I asked some of my neighbors who took care of their babies during the night, and every one of them answered in surprise: "Why I do, of course. Fred [or Tom, or Dick, or Harry] has to attend to business during the day. He can't do without his sleep."

Then he went to the city, to the theater, and other places, while I stayed at home with the children. "We can't both go," he said once, "but there's no use in both of us staying at home. It's too bad a woman can't run about at night alone." Later he went as a matter of course, while I stayed at home and sewed, or ironed a few pieces which had been left over, or put the clothes to soak, or "set my sponge," or employed myself with other diverting occupations. Yet before marriage I had ridden and rowed and walked and danced and been full of the joy of life. An aged uncle of mine had opposed marriage, owing to unfortunate matrimonial experiences of his own; and pre-nuptially he had warned me. "I'll tell you," he said with conviction, "getting married ain't what it's cracked up to be!" I began to think something like this, yet I was just enough to ask myself sternly: "Are you also a failure as a wife?"

The Revolt from Drudgery

BUT the small straw which broke the camel's back and set me thinking along the line of ultimate salvation finally fulfilled its mission. I had risen at four o'clock that morning, and three long lines of clothes showed how the hours had been spent. Between bowing over steaming suds and wringing clothes, I had attended to the children's wants and prepared the noon meal. My tubs were not yet emptied when my husband came in. I asked him please to help me empty the tubs, which had to be carried the length of the yard. He looked down at his feet. "Oh, I don't believe I can," he said: "I might splash water on these trousers. Can't you—ah—empty them yourself by carrying the water out in buckets?" And this was the man with whom I might have to live for forty or fifty years! I told him I could empty the tubs as he suggested, and he looked pleasantly relieved.

After he left the house at noon I emptied them, and with each heavy bucket I carried my rebellion grew. When the dishes were washed I let the other work go,



When Women Vote: After Dinner the Gir

Drawn by CHARLES DANA

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM



the Girls Will Have to Listen to Politics

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

and went off by myself to reason things out. I reviewed the past years, and I saw I had done too much. Too much work and not enough play. And yet I could not see just where I could have left anything undone. Motherhood had seemed, before I entered it, the noblest profession in life, afterward it had seemed paltry, petty, burdensome, and scarcely worth while at all. I wondered if any man ever found his profession as unexpectedly irksome. But then, assuredly no man ever worked twenty-four hours a day at any chosen work. Why, even a musician, if compelled to labor thus, would smash his grand piano with an ax, or lay the most beloved violin upon the fire! It was absurd to expect any woman, no matter how devoted, to give every minute of her life to her home and children, and yet keep in a proper condition to do her work well!

Systematized Work—Recreation

I NEVER for a moment, then or since, departed from the original premise that motherhood is essentially woman's great profession. No matter what economists, agitators, suffragettes, or anti-suffragettes may say, the one great incontrovertible fact is that women must bear the children, and the rearing follows naturally. But if a man, in his capacity of breadwinner, has his leisure for rest and development, why should the old saw be true: "Man's work's from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done?"

Thinking about it, I saw another meaning to this, and admitted that woman's work could never be done, and that I did not want mine ever to be done while life lasted; but that woman's work did not necessarily mean the scrubbing of floors and the ironing of clothes. Should not a part, and a large part, of my work lie in keeping myself fresh and happy and companionable to my husband and children?

During the following days I slowly formulated plans which have borne the test of now these many years. By a process of elimination I have learned to do the essen-

tial things and to let the non-essentials go—or wait—and I've found they wait well enough. Nothing keeps like work; and a pile of mending or a basket of ironing will sometimes stand for days, in good weather, while I am doing something to entertain myself and the family.

Women in this town do not keep servants, yet when I first began my new order of things I had no difficulty whatever in getting a middle-aged woman, who knew as much about children as I did, to come in for a few hours and stay with mine, either in the morning, if I chose to take that as my portion of the day, or in the evening, if the latter suited me better.

I systematized my work as well as I could. Nine hours a day is enough for any one to labor, and this limit I set upon myself. If the morning is bright and sunny, and I can arrange my housework, I row on the river or go for a ride; if late afternoon suits better for my walk or row or ride, I go then. Life has opened up limitless opportunities to me since the change began. I am more interested in my children when I am fresh from a long walk in the cold air. Their pranks, of which I once complained, and for which they were punished, I now regard with toleration and amusement. They are a source of constant joy to me.

I can't see now why I was blind so long. All those years I knew the river flowed not far away, and that a boat might be had for the taking; that the willows grew tall and thick along the winding banks, and that it was but a few minutes out of the busy little town into the perfumed mystery of the woods; but I was too busy washing windows to look through them. I was well aware of the straight white roads stretching away in every direction, and that a good saddle horse might be hired for half a dollar; that my husband had time to ride with me when he chose. Yet I had let the long hazy days of many an autumn pass without this pleasure because I was doing "fall house-cleaning," or else making grape jelly. I remembered the time when, as a girl,

I had thought nothing of a ten-mile walk over the Tennessee hills; but all these years in this little Western town had been allowed to pass with never a long walk, until my muscles had grown flabby and weak.

I began to arrange my hair becomingly, and to dress in the fashion, albeit simply. Every morning, after breakfast, I stopped and read the paper, whether I had time or not. My husband did not seem to observe any change any more than he had seemed to observe the previous existing conditions. But it was not long until he suggested that we go to the theater together, adding that he supposed we could get Mrs. Burton to stay with the children. And did I say, as I would have said a few months earlier, that I had to iron to-morrow? I let the ironing wait until the following day, in order not to be tired when we went to the play. This was the first time I had seen the inside of a theater for years; but it was not the last time.

A New Companionship

MY HUSBAND and I read the same books, and find a great deal to talk about together. My house looks as well as it did before the great revolt, yet I do not wash the windows once in several months; no book is dusted except when I want to read it, or during the annual upheaval in the spring. I have learned the fine art of shirking. I iron those pieces which show that they've been ironed, and those which do not I let go. I feel fresh and young, and I find it surprising how little trouble the children are—how delightful at all times. If everything were done which I see could be done, it would keep several women busy all the time; yet I know that my house is a livable, comfortable sort of place, and that there is no actual dirt in it. I am a companion for my husband, where once there was no companionship. I am better equipped for the rearing of children than I was when I frazzled my nerves away with the blue million things which bow down any woman if she succumbs to them.

The Wanderings of Ulysses,—(Kansas)

THIS is the tale of a Kansas county-seat and its canny citizens. In 1885 the prairie-schooners began to come in a white, hopeful procession to southwestern Kansas. Then, also, came the town-site promoters.

Three vigorous towns sprang into life in what is now Grant County—Surprise, Cincinnati, and Ulysses.

As soon as Grant County was organized, the Ulysses Council issued \$36,000 in bonds on the town, bonded the school district for \$13,500, and raised \$8,000 for a court-house. It is often said now that this money was used to buy votes in the county-seat war. Kidnaping and even murder were not unknown in those days of town-seat fights. Voters apt to favor Surprise or Cincinnati were warned away and sometimes imprisoned in their own homes. Hundreds of thrifty free-lances drifted from county to county, prepared to sell themselves to the highest bidder. Three hundred dollars was not considered a prohibitive price for a vote.

Of course Ulysses won the election. Cincinnati

The Story of a Town That Moved Away



Moving the restaurant



The hotel and its barn



The store goes over the prairie



Present appearance of old Ulysses

and Surprise faded away. Ulysses began to boom. The promoters made their clean-up and adjourned to Garden City to boom that town.

Then the bottom dropped out, the interest on the bonds was not paid, crops failed, and cattle depreciated. The population was reduced to forty. They, however, were stanch souls; they stuck it out like soldiers, and this spring there were one hundred, actually prospering

to such an extent that they decided to revive the city government.

In 1908 the bonds had fallen due, but the bondholders had no one to sue. Directly the Mayor, police, and council were elected the bondholders got to work. Now the present citizens of Ulysses had forgotten all about those bonds—possibly some of them had never heard of them.

So Ulysses picked up its bed and walked. Her citizens bought a tract of land midway between their town and the old site of Cincinnati. The exodus began in March. As they were twenty-four miles from a telegraph station, it was easy to keep this trek a comparative secret. Three stores, a bank, two real estate offices, a law office, blacksmith shop, hotel, and the homes and barns of the one hundred citizens were hauled across the prairie.

And now it is New Ulysses. A special election was held, and the new town won the county-seat. The bondholders are puzzled. They can not sue New Ulysses for the debts of Old Ulysses, and, as for seizing the property in Old Ulysses in lieu of payment, that, as they say in Kansas, would be enough to make a coyote laugh.

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The Care and Cure of Nature

Live and Sleep in Rooms Without Walls, but Watch Floors and Roofs, and Temper Enthusiasm with Caution—Definite Instruction for Consumptives

By PAUL PAQUIN, M.D.



C—Sleeping-room, open above the bed

IN THE United States alone two hundred thousand die of consumption annually. It exists anywhere and everywhere. Yet it is preventable, arrestable, and frequently curable. Nature's own efforts, supplemented by proper hygienic and remedial measures, are the best aids to the consumptive.

What the people need most right now is knowledge of how to protect themselves and others against infection; and those who are already invalids need to know how to apply the curative powers of nature. The chief of these is open-air life. It is a remedy which can be utilized by practically all the people everywhere, although it may be more pleasant and effective, and good results may be reached more speedily by the selection of a naturally beneficial climate, or an especially favorable locality.

Simple as outdoor life seems, it is not by any means readily understood, nor is it as safe as is generally supposed unless certain rules are respected. Housing, clothing, inheritance, and environment have by degrees turned us more or less from beings with resistant ruggedness into hothouse plants, not always to be exposed suddenly with impunity or to be set outdoors night and day without preparation. For instance, if a consumptive sleeps out and arises from a warm bed into cold air or steps onto a cold floor, a cold or a pulmonary congestion, more or less grave, may result.

Outdoor life aims to reverse the unhealthy consequences of life inside, particularly in bedrooms, arising from insufficient ventilation which is an almost universal condition of the homes everywhere. It is meant to lavish free air around whoever will have it in lieu of the impoverished, impure sort created by breathing and rebreathing, often made more unwholesome still by the use of lamps, gaslights, stoves, or grates which consume oxygen and generally leave certain unsanitary gases behind.

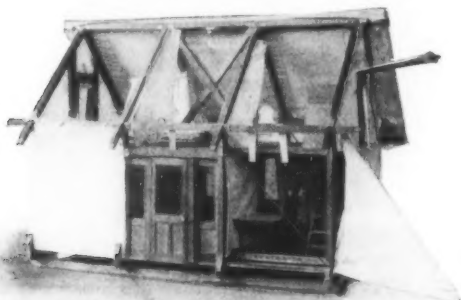
What to Do and Avoid, and Why

IF WE could remain out of doors in a dry warm bed or in a reclining chair without ever having to change position, whatever atmospheric condition might exist at the time, there would be no danger. But this is impossible. So we must observe certain rules if we hope to obtain the best results from the outdoor life. These points are important:

First—Complete, persistent, continuous bathing of all the body by fresh air. This is superior to merely breathing fresh air, as when your head is stuck out, by some device, through a window. In closely settled communities this may often be all that is practicable, and it is far superior to breathing in the atmosphere of any bedroom. But the skin also breathes, so to speak; it needs pure air ventilation and, besides, a uniform temperature of the body is safer than having a part in the cold air outside and a part in the warmer air within.

Second—In taking the fresh-air cure, by complete exposure, you must be so protected by your covering that even when cold weather, rain, snow, or winds prevail you will not suffer. Cold drafts, particularly if they only strike one part of the body, sand-storms, dust-storms, persistent smoke, street dust, marshy surroundings—these are all conditions to be avoided.

Third—The outdoor sleeping quarters should be high above the ground, with thorough ventilation underneath, say two to six feet high, and higher; indeed, usually the higher, the purer the air. Open-air sleeping next to the ground, in the majority of localities, is not the desir-



B—Rooms with canvas partitions



In-and-Out Sleeping on the Porch

A sanitarium with its verandas divided off into sleeping quarters. A coping rises as high as the level of the beds, and prevents drafts from getting beneath. The bed stands between two sliding sashes which may be raised or lowered at will, and the sleeper may shut himself inside, or remain out of doors, as he pleases. Wider eaves would make the porch more attractive

able or useful measure of tuberculosis treatment that it has been proclaimed, particularly by the indiscriminate tent and shack advocates. Unless constructed on scientific lines, affording proper warmth in cold weather, and continual fresh air under all circumstances, we are better off in house rooms high above the ground and ventilated to the utmost degree practicable. There is difficulty, too, in building a tent on a foundation floor elevated sufficiently, and then when high enough there is danger of it being swept away by the winds, even by a moderate one. A roost in a large tree, on some sort of hold-on-to platform around the trunk, with overhead covering and proper side devices for protection against the elements, is a suggestion that offers opportunities for profitable fresh-air life undreamt of by most of the sick.

Fourth—Whatever arrangements you make, try to have them such in details that the whole body will remain bathed the longest possible time every twenty-four hours in open air; that ventilation of the sleeping and living quarters shall be complete; that the foul air of the floor shall be steadily eliminated; that no occasion shall arise to chill the body.

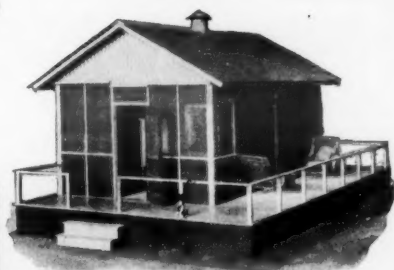
Fifth—Don't sacrifice homelike conveniences and artistic design for expediency, for you can have all of these in constructing outdoor living rooms.

Let me present pictures of some models exemplifying various ideas worked out by experts.

Picture A represents a tent built on scientific principles by the State of Pennsylvania. It offers many advantages—and some disadvantages. It is set too close to the ground and must be affected by the earth's condition—dust, moisture, etc. For ventilation, this tent has superior qualities. The canvas roof does not reach the ground, allowing a good flow of air within, and then there are inside canvases to control ventilation and direct it properly. In cold weather there is a stove in the center, with beds at the sides. Unfortunately, this stove necessarily throws the heat on one side only of each bed, and, as with all stoves, one warming himself by it in very cold weather burns the side exposed to the heat, while the other freezes. However, for a tent abode it is among the best, and can be of great service in the early cases of consumption, or for limited outdoor life in suitable localities.

In picture B you will note a wood frame-work, covered with canvas and with canvas walls within dividing the structure into six rooms, three on the first floor and three in the attic. All those canvases can be moved, taken off or opened at will, thus ventilating and changing the inside space. The chief criticism applicable here (provided the building is put high enough above ground) is that in bad weather there can be scarcely any ventilation, as the canvases and the doors must be closed more or less completely and other air inlets are bound to be insufficient. In any event, ventilation must, in such circumstances, be restricted in a measure. And then the attic quarters must be very hot in summer. However, some proper additions and rearrangements could make this economical construction more suitable and probably more practicable.

Picture C is an improvement over B, having solid walls on all sides up to a few inches above the beds, just about right for ventilation through and through, above the head of the sleeper and to keep the inside air fairly renewed. And then it has curtains or awnings controlled by strings. The fault of this construction is that it also must be more or less tightly shut up during the rains, winds, and storms. By substituting large eaves for the curtains or awnings most of these



D—A cottage, with walls of netting

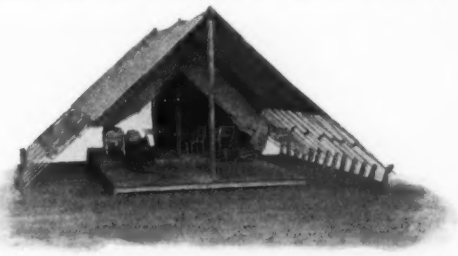
faults would be cured. And, too, these eaves would shade the body of the building from the direct sun rays, and prevent them from penetrating the interior and hitting the persons therein through the large air inlets.

Picture D shows a neat cottage of a California sanitarium. The lower part is well protected by walls all around to a point above the bed. The rest of the sides, up to the roof, is enclosed with fine netting, an admirable thing to keep out flies and other insects while admitting air. It is provided with windows and doors in proper places for ventilation. The criticisms that might be applied here are about such as apply to the design shown by picture C. The eaves are not projecting far enough to protect the inside parts facing the open spaces from the hot rays of the sun or the rain or snow beating in, thus forcing the occupants at times to close the air inlets to some degree at least. Besides, the porch should have a roof and draft protection to afford actual out-

ings in any sort of weather not too rough. The uniform lack of eaves in every one of the structures discussed above indicates that the idea prevails in the mind of those who evolved them or recommended them, that they want sun rays, no matter how hot, to strike the building, no matter how much they heat it, and also on the patients within through the more or less wide openings for open-air circulation. The truth is, however, to speak only of the last proposition, that the bearing and beating of sun rays directly upon tubercular patients is usually, particularly in the summer and in certain climates, a prostrating force rather than a reviving one, and often produces too much perspiration, or else bakes them.

A Device That Any One Can Use

NOW, as to improvising outdoor living and sleeping quarters: If you want to sleep on a veranda or porch, first remember that it should be roofed, that the railing around ought to be solid, admitting no current of air to the floor of the porch, so that no draft may reach under the bed or to the sides of the person in it. This solid porch wall should extend up eight to twelve inches above the body of the occupant of the bed, so that the wind or breezes will flow across the porch above the body, without hitting it; thus the currents of air will fan the patient lightly perhaps, suck up, in a measure, and carry out the floating impurities, and keep up a

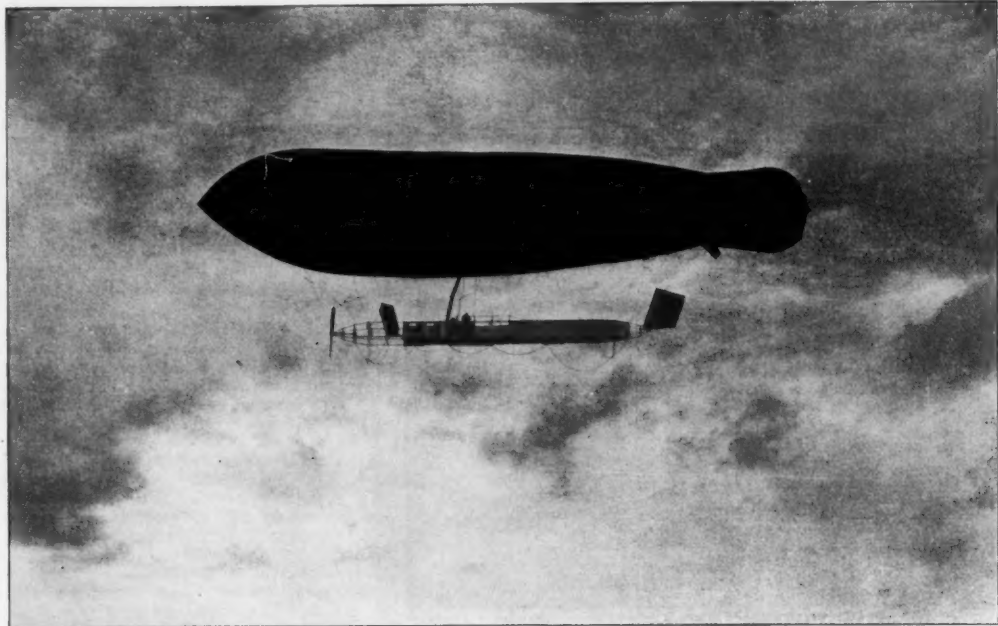


A—A well-built tent, set too close to the ground

constant renewal of oxygen. Of course I would have the wide eaves above described to these porches too, including the hinged drop-boards. If not, there should be provided some suitable curtains on rollers, like window-shades, or, still better, suitable awnings.

In conclusion, let me suggest that the so-called "In-and-out Sleeper," a device which, by the use of wide sashes, will turn a bedroom into an open or a closed apartment in a moment without shifting the bed, is a simple arrangement that ought to apply to at least one room in every new home. As a preventive measure or for an emergency, if desired, a person could, by its use, be instantly put out to live night and day. It can also be applied, by a little remodeling, to any old home, sanitarium or cottage, including all those discussed above. It could also be made to fit canvas abodes. As I understand it (unlike many others, which are patented), its design is free from any sort of restriction. Diagrams and measurements of the plan are given away. One section of this structure standing alone would not look artistic or homelike, two sections would. For a little cottage for one or two occupants, the design of the California cottage, or something like it, with the "In-and-out Sleeper" arrangement, would have a good appearance and would prove practical.

What the World Is Doing:



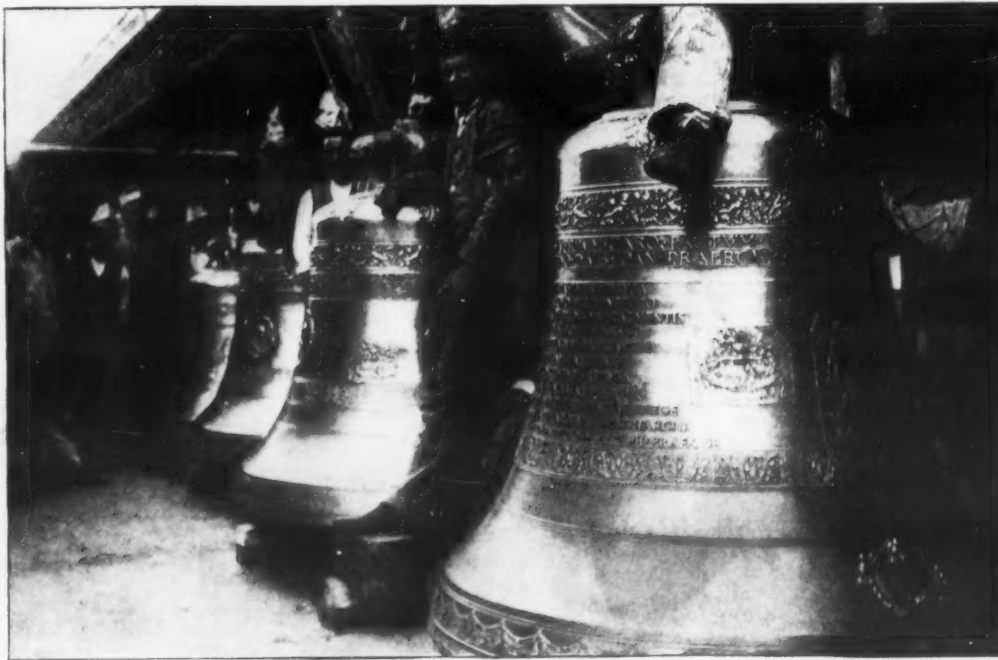
A Livable Airship

Here is the first of the airships to be equipped with cabins for passengers—little cubby-holes of shelter where food may be stored and into which the sky pilots may retire when chilled or wet. It is the dirigible balloon "Ville de Nancy," launched at Sartrouville, France. It is 170 feet in length



These are the Houses that Jack Tar Built

A few of the 1,500 frame houses, each with two large rooms and an attic, built in Messina in blocks of twenty for earthquake survivors. American money built them. Native labor was used under the direction of American naval officers and sailors and volunteer artists and architects. \$700,000 was subscribed



Music in the Air

The great bells which have just been completed will be hoisted into the Campanile of St. Mark's, Venice. This historic tower tumbled to the ground several years ago and is now being restored

Globe-Girdling

ENGLAND is wooing Russia. She has entertained twenty conservative members of the Russian Duma. And she prepares to be gracious to the Czar. She stands ready to spank the Socialists and radicals who would boo or ban him.

With a beautiful moderation the "Standard" sums up the bloody centuries in Russia as "authority exercised not always elementally, not always fairly." Such liberalism would whitewash Judas and Nero and soften St. Bartholomew's Eve into a midsummer night's merry-making.

The birthdays of John Calvin and Charles Darwin are receiving a world-wide celebration. We are four hundred years away from some of the doctrine that came out of Geneva, while Darwin's rediscovery and restatement of the mystical theory of flux and change is still freeing the thoughts of men.

London rebukes us for employing the "third degree"—the terrorizing use of questions that presuppose guilt. The ever-genial "Saturday Review" finds in the use of the third degree by the New York police in the Sigel murder "further evidence that American civilization is only of the semi kind." The "Spectator" says the proceeding is removed many more than three degrees from usefulness and decency.

Like an eleventh-hour hero, Mr. Taft is expected to gallop in and rescue that hapless and stricken virgin, the Ultimate Consumer, from the piratical high-tariff crew. Under his breath Senator Aldrich is heard humming the motto: Look up and not down, and lend a hand to suffering trusts.

The slaughter of the innocents proved not to be so heavy on this year's Fourth of July. The roll-call has shown 61 killed and 3,246 injured. Some day we shall learn how to be happy without enriching the graveyard and hospital.

By Champlain's shore the insubstantial pageants have faded, leaving not a rack behind. Two States and Canada have supplied painted Indians and pale canoes, orators, poets, Governors, and a President—all now melted into thin air, and the revels ended.

San Francisco is torn between two minds as to the Patrick Calhoun trial. Was it a battle royal between two hugely rich men? "That feeling came and went in San Francisco," says Professor George H. Boke of the University of California; "we know now that there was no personal animosity on the part of Spreckels against Calhoun." The "Argonaut" has been unusually acid throughout the trial. It calls it "the graft movement, a revengeful vendetta, seeking not public, but private, aims."

In Chicago, bomb-throwing, ceasing to be a diversion, has become a habit. The thirty-first bomb has exploded. Two rival clans of gamblers use this method of reprisal when they feel they are being treated harshly. The same underworld is being raked fore and aft in court on a white-slave investigation. The police and municipal authorities seem as yet unable to thread the jungle.

In New York those angel faces smile along the Bowery which we have loved long since and lost awhile up the river. Refreshed by quiet months in Sing Sing, "Monk" Eastman, thief and pimp, and Antonio Vaccarelli, alias Paul Kelly, thief and pimp, have returned to the scenes of their early triumphs in time for the fall elections, where they will display their old-time skill in herding voters, repeating votes, and blackjacking opposition. These two criminals will exercise more actual power at the coming municipal election than any hundred of our wisest and best.

Words, Words, Words

BORED, pessimistic, muddled, Senators and common people alike have flung off the tariff debate like a poor relative.

But England has had a jolly good time with her measure, the Budget. With gaiety the thing has gone with them. Their debates were more picturesque in phrasing, cleaner from taint of vested interests. Their politicians were a little better informed, better equipped.

With wit and genial fire they have filled the hours, sometimes till dawn. A thousand jests have descended on the skull of the "dapper little Welsh squire," Lloyd-George, and, smiling, he has put the question by.

Said Mr. Balfour in one of his rapid word pictures, like a lightning-chalk artist:

"Suppose you were to say that every man with red hair and more than £10,000 a year ought to pay a special super-tax. You would say: 'Look at this mean-spirited, red-haired man. He "hollers" for *Dreadnoughts*, he votes for old-age pensions, and this mean fellow, though he has got £10,000 a year, won't pay the small super-tax which I put upon him—the wretched creature!'"

At public meetings the British bards salute the patient Lloyd-George with ironical verse:

*"Thus the work goes on guily, the owner may groan,
But the Chancellor rescues what was never his own."*

So a blue-tinted finance bill, with seventy-four clauses, six schedules, and two thousand amendments, enriches the intellectual life of a great people, as later it will fill the exchequer.

And the speed of that parliamentary life has been reflected in the English press. The English journalists have had fun with their lawmakers in session. Here is a picture of the statesmen in action:

"Mr. Lloyd-George, the man of the year, had a fever—

A Record of Current Events

ish cold, which showed itself in his voice, but failed to dim the radiance of his smile. Colonel Lockwood, one of the blitheliest of the Unionists, with an enormous pink carnation and his inevitable draft-board tie; Lord Robert Cecil with two coat pockets bulging with parliamentary papers."

The heaviness of our floundering statesmen has settled like an obscuration on the Washington scribes who emit the daily column of Congressional gossip for the home papers. We read:

"Senator Bailey objected to the motion on the ground that the course proposed was unusual."

Then comes the next hurtling paragraph, alert and flashing:

"Mr. Aldrich contended that his motion was usual."

The English have radiantly emerged from that slough. Here is what the "Evening Standard" does to a prolonged session:

"2.20. A. M.—The Home Secretary sleeps. The First Commissioner of Works and the Attorneys-General for England and Ireland sleep. The Solicitor-General sleeps. The Civil Lord of the Admiralty sleeps."

"2.22.—A rolling Unionist cheer in support of Mr. Bonar Law wakes several Ministers."

"2.40.—Ghosts of dawn play at the high windows vaguely."

"2.50.—House rises. The nightly cry of centuries rings through the great corridors: 'Who goes home!'"

The Clown with a Broken Heart

THE world is beginning to find Bernard Shaw out. He is as a clown whose heart is broken. He used to be thought flippant, irreverent, and cheap. Now we know him for a worships, full of antics. He will stand on his head and kick his heels in the air when in the act of prayer. That is to distract attention from his patient rite. He will froth at the mouth with wrath at man's injustice, and then pretend he was spitting at a hole in the ground. He is ashamed of his passionate humanitarianism, his sense of pity and justice. With a hundred disguises he tries to hide his bleeding heart. He masquerades as a king's jester, a monster egotist, while beneath the spangles and frippery he is torn by the universal suffering.

Stanton Coit says of him:

"And what shall we do with Mr. Shaw? What but recognize him, the humanitarian, as sensitive as St. Francis himself to the sufferings of the poor and of dumb brutes; as chivalrous as any knight of the Round Table, as candid as truth itself, and yet more than all the other saints of the church, possessing the supreme grace of humor."

But there is danger in the tender heart that at times its thinking will be soft and mushy. It must needs be that there is suffering all along the line—the weaker slaughtered in pain to make the strong stronger—the less developed organism sinned against, that there may be light on the path of the perfected.

And Shaw is in unwise mood when he charms the annual gathering of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection with piteous extravagant statements on modern physiology and surgery. He said:

"Vivisectionists act on the primary instinct that, since what they want to find out is something of the miraculous, the way to do it is to do something cruel. All the experiments from which most was hoped were experiments on the physiology of pain. The man who becomes a vivisectionist deserts the honorable and fruitful paths of science for the dishonorable and probably barren path."

He conjectured that if all the energy devoted through the century to vivisection had been cut off from that wicked, cruel path and given in other directions, probably the Hertzian waves would have been discovered years before they were. There was a strict law for the conservation of energy in these days. There was a law for the conservation of scientific energy, and every man who was groveling in the entrails of some unfortunate animal was a man cut off from the paths he could follow without shame and without cruelty.

The Veterans

CONVENTION-CAPTURING is the latest war game of the Far West. Being desirous of losing their frontier reputations, in Eastern minds, as mere watering spots in a desert of sage-brush, the cities reach out for tourists.

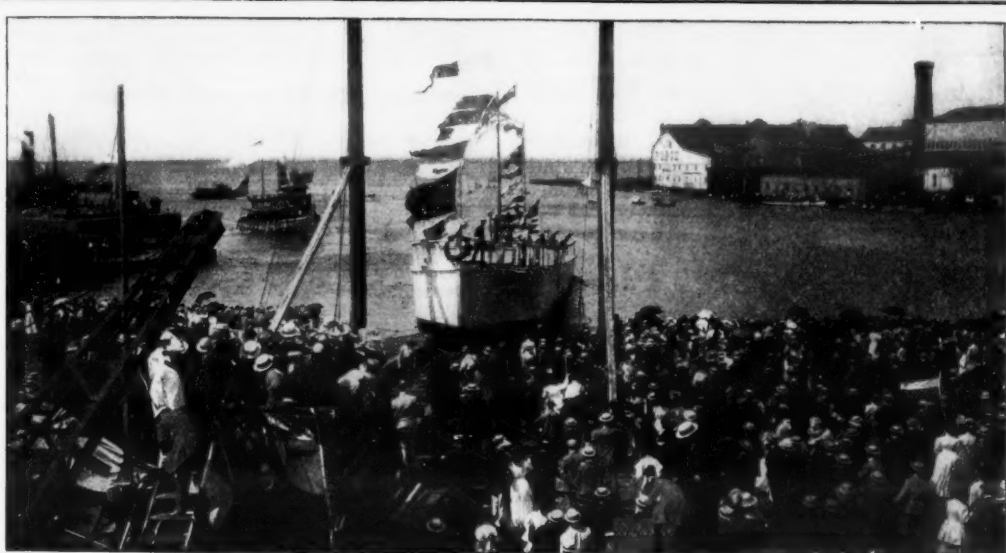
This summer Salt Lake has captured the veterans of the G. A. R. A hundred thousand strong, the old soldiers are expected to tramp into Salt Lake in the middle of August. It is the town's first big chance, and through July it is getting its welcome ready.

The committee of the Commercial Club said the electric-light wires were ugly: they had to come down. The City Council told the telephone companies a poleless city was the only thing to present to these distinguished guests: there are no poles now—at least in high places. Even the bill-boards have lost their vogue and mostly desecrate suburban fields and rear alleyways.

The pavement on which the veterans would march was rather shabby through overwear. It was rolled up into great heaps of asphalt overnight, and a nice new layer was put down in the morning in record time just so that Pat Moran—he who always gets the contracts—could show that it was efficiency and not graft that brought them to him.

When it gets its first skyscraper a town goes into a delirium of joy. During this season of preparation for the veterans Salt Lake has had a chance to crane its neck upward at its first and second skyscraper, and

(Continued on page 21)



The Launching of the "Clermont"

Christened with well-water, the replica of Robert Fulton's original steamboat slid into the water on July 10, in the presence of a large crowd, including many descendants of the inventor



Guests of the International Press Association, at Tokyo

Chatting after the dinner in this group, seated at the table from left to right, are the Marquis Katsura, Premier of Japan, Mr. Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States, and next to him Prince Ito



A Skyscraper Which May Change a City's Balance

The first tall building in Salt Lake, called, with its sister-structure, "Newhouse's Folly," was raised in a section isolated from the business center. There seemed to be no warrant whatever for their location; but the owner made free offers of several building sites in the neighborhood, and the result has been that important interests have followed up the trail, and the district now promises to become the commercial hub of the city

Democrats and Some Near-Democrats

By MARK SULLIVAN

FRANK CLARK is a Democratic Congressman from Florida. Very early in the present session he broke away from his party, denounced the leadership of William Jennings Bryan, and held out this offer to the Republicans:

"If you put what my people want in the bill, if you give them protection against Cuba on pineapples, and give them protection against the pauper labor of Egypt on long-staple cotton, and take care of their lumber and all these things, then you may put what you please in it."

When some of the other Democratic Congressmen (especially Choice Boswell Randall of Sherman, Texas) began to reproach Clark, the latter became even more frank and explicit. Speaking on the floor of the House, he said:

"As long as a protective-tariff system prevails in this country, as long as the articles we have to buy are taxed, as long as my people have to bear the burdens of it, they say that we ought at least to have a division of the benefits. That is where I stand. You may call it 'swag' or what you please."

Clark's attitude didn't meet with universal approval at home. For his defection, the Florida Legislature passed a resolution of reproof. Thereupon Clark took a train back to Florida, walked in upon the Legislature, and declared himself still more frankly. From his speech before the Florida Legislature on that occasion, these two paragraphs are taken:

"Now I want to tell you one thing, my brethren. I spoke of the great lumber interests of this State. You know what they are. You know what they are worth to Florida. You know whether it is worth while to build up the material interests of this State, or whether it is best to follow a sickening fanatic sentiment or not."

"We have been following a fatuous light. We have been traveling through the desert and eating the husks, while our brethren above the divide have been living on the fat of the land. I love the traditions of the South; I love her glorious history; but, my friends, I am tired of living back forty or fifty years ago. I believe that this Southern country is the garden spot of this great Republic. I believe the time is not far distant when her industries shall thrive, when her products shall come forth bountifully from out the earth, and with proper legislation and proper political guidance she will prosper as no other section of this country can. I am for the South, I am for Florida, her products, her industries, her men, her women, and her children against the world."

The official account of this speech shows that it was punctuated by "great and prolonged applause," and "tremendous applause." On the other hand, the Florida Legislature did not see fit to rescind its resolution of censure. It is fair to say that a certain amount of public opinion throughout the South genuinely endorses the attitude expressed by Mr. Clark. It is this section of public opinion which is relied upon by those Democratic Senators who have voted with Aldrich frequently. It is a pity, however, that a Senator who expects to endorse the Republican policy of protection, who is going to help Aldrich out in tight places, and vote for the duties that Mr. Aldrich proposes—it is a pity that such a Senator does not get himself elected as a Republican. Bad faith is inevitably involved when any Democratic Senator goes over to Aldrich, for unquestionably the majority of the votes that sent him to Washington were cast for him in the belief that in his votes and speeches in the Senate he would support the traditional policies of the Democratic Party.

McEnery of Louisiana

SAMUEL DOUGLAS McENERY represents Louisiana in the United States Senate. He is seventy-two years old. He fought in the Civil War, and has held public office, with negligible intervals, steadily for thirty years.

If Senator McEnery avowed himself a Republican, he could by no imaginable means come to the United States Senate from Louisiana. There are practically no Republicans in Louisiana. (Taft got only eight thousand votes in the State, compared to Bryan's sixty-three thousand.)

How the Democratic Senators Have Voted

	Voted with Aldrich	Voted against Aldrich	Absent or Paired
McEnery, Louisiana	38	7	22
Foster, Louisiana	20	29	18
Martin, Virginia	12	41	14
Chamberlain, Oregon	9	43	15
Simmons, North Carolina	9	46	12
Smith, Maryland	9	45	13
Tillman, South Carolina	9	41	17
Daniel, Virginia	8	26	33
Taliaferro, Florida	8	46	13
Taylor, Tennessee	8	34	25
Fletcher, Florida	7	57	3
Bankhead, Alabama	6	33	28
Money, Mississippi	6	38	23
Bacon, Georgia	5	59	3
Bailey, Texas	5	35	27
Hughes, Colorado	5	56	6
Johnston, Alabama	5	56	6
Clay, Georgia	4	57	6
Overman, North Carolina	4	58	5
Davis, Arkansas	3	28	36
Owen, Oklahoma	3	32	32
Paynter, Kentucky	3	55	9
Stone, Missouri	3	49	15
Frazier, Tennessee	2	44	21
Gore, Oklahoma	2	61	4
McLaurin, Mississippi	2	33	32
Rayner, Maryland	2	42	23
Culberson, Texas	1	43	23
Newlands, Nevada	1	44	22
Shively, Indiana	1	18	48
Clarke, Arkansas	0	9	58
Smith, South Carolina	0	31	36

There were sixty-seven ballots in the Senate, important and unimportant, on the various tariff schedules. Of course, roughly speaking, a vote against Aldrich is a Democratic vote. It is also true that the number of failures to vote is important. A Senator may often be absent in good faith, or he may occasionally be "paired" with another Senator of the opposite party; when either party to a "pair" is absent, the other refrains from voting. But a Senator who has failed to vote more than twenty-five times out of sixty-seven would seem to owe his constituents an explanation. A failure to vote is often as serviceable to Mr. Aldrich in a crisis as a direct vote with him. The record of Gore of Oklahoma is probably typical of a genuine Democrat—only four failures to vote and two votes with Aldrich, while his votes against Aldrich number sixty-one.

But McEnery is a Republican. He has been as servile, as completely at Aldrich's beck and call, as the most stalwart of the Republican regulars. He has voted with Aldrich more consistently than twenty of the Republicans have. Only seven times out of sixty-seven ballots in all did Mr. McEnery cast his ballot against Aldrich. These seven may safely be presumed to have been unimportant ballots when Aldrich didn't need him. Only seven anti-Aldrich votes out of sixty-seven is a more uniformly Republican record than that of so strong a party man as Senator Burton of Ohio, or Senator du Pont of Delaware. McEnery voted with Aldrich in favor of a high tariff on agricultural implements, and he was the only Democrat who did. He was the only Democrat who helped Aldrich put the outrageous duty on cotton gloves. Again he was alone among the Democrats in voting with Aldrich in favor of the duty on window-glass. Alone in all his party he helped Aldrich postpone the vote on the income tax, at one of the most critical points in Aldrich's management. On twenty important items of the tariff bill, McEnery was the only Democrat to vote with Aldrich. As the crowning act he was the only Democrat in the Senate who voted in favor of Mr. Aldrich's tariff bill as whole.

With no other record than his votes, it is hard to escape the inference that Senator McEnery's course is in pursuance of some bargain which reflects credit neither on him nor his State.

The Other Senator from Louisiana

MURPHY J. FOSTER'S record differs only slightly from that of McEnery. Twenty times he has voted with Aldrich, and eighteen times refrained from voting—and to Aldrich silence is often as serviceable as a vote. Did the people of Louisiana intend to send two Republicans to the Senate?

What the Southern People Think

A FEW wealthy persons in the South may endorse the action of those Democratic Senators and Representatives who have broken faith. But the mass of the people of the South are indignant and ashamed. The Southern Democratic papers have been practically a unit in their severe condemnation. In one district of Louisiana a mass meeting was held and very severe resolutions were passed. They are too long to quote here in full. They recited at length the facts and the votes to support the charge that the Louisiana delegation "has gone soul, body, and boots into the enemies' ranks" and "voted and spoken in opposition to Democratic doctrine," and declared:

"We, a mass meeting of Democratic voters of Claiborne Parish assembled, protest, condemn, and repudiate with all the vehemence at our command the un-Democratic and faithless actions of our Senators and Congressmen."

At the end of their resolutions of censure, that mass meeting of Louisiana people gave formal expression to this Democratic doctrine:

"Be it further resolved, that as cotton growers who have to sell our product in a free-trade market, nevertheless we do not ask or desire that others should be taxed for our benefit; what we ask is that our Representatives protect us as far as possible, by keeping other people's hands out of our pockets and not join Republican protectionists, helping them to tax us for the benefit of saw-mills and other protected concerns."

We hope these resolutions will do good. And we wish that the energy and initiative of these Louisiana voters might be imitated in every Congressional district in the country. There has never been any question that the overwhelming mass of the sentiment of the United States was opposed to the tariff bill Mr. Aldrich was making. The bill was made in frank defiance of that sentiment. What organized wealth wanted was the one thing considered.



This cartoon, from the "Daily Chronicle," of Houston, Texas, pictures the sentiment which the Southern newspapers quite generally feel concerning the subservience of some Democratic Senators to Aldrich.

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see the foundations laid of its third and fourth.

On the patriotic side, the coming encampment differs from other meetings in that it is a long ways from the old battlefields. But the Utah people touched the war at a point. Brigham Young, while a private citizen, received and responded to a personal call from President Lincoln to raise and scatter a force of volunteers along the Overland Mail Route from the Missouri River west. They were needed across Wyoming and Nebraska because none of the nation's regulars could be spared for this work. They performed a long and hazardous tour of duty.

Third Degree for Income Tax

IT IS conceivable that a cat might swallow too many canaries, and choke instead of looking innocent. Sometimes we have a like fear for Senator Aldrich. He is deft so very often, each day. We wonder if he isn't about to be too clever. "Be funny, but don't be damned funny," was the advice given to Peckskill's favorite after-dinner speaker when he was still but a lad.

The Rhode Island chieftain has just emitted a series of scintillations, like a magnetic furry cat on a winter's night. By exchanging winks with Senator Lodge he planned the attractive coup of shelving the income tax through the device of so introducing the corporation tax as to put it in the second degree. Under Senate rules an amendment in the third degree is out of order. So any attempt to ring in the income tax would be in the nature of an amendment in the third degree. So perished the Bailey-Cummins scheme for a direct tax on incomes.

When Senator Bailey, after a brief sojourn in the lobby, returned to the scene of his triumphs, he was grieved to find that his pet child had expired under the silent but deadly ministrations of the New England statesmen.

Senator Aldrich is quoted as believing the corporation tax will die a lingering death in the next two years. Thus his enemies go down before him.

England believes that we are about to be caught napping in still other ways by the sly ones of the Senate. One paper points at the tariff section providing that on and after March 31, 1910, the general tariff will be the duties laid down in the schedules constituting the minimum tariff, plus twenty-five per cent *ad valorem* to be added to the schedules as passed. It believes this "plus" proviso contains elements of danger. For the President, it holds, will not wipe out the "plus" till a long inquiry has been made, with the "interested and organized avarice of the country on the side of the minimum rates."

A Notorious Notary Public

A RECENT item in this department sold out all copies of "The Transcript" for the current week, and for the last eight weeks has caused the pink sheet to bloom profusely on almost every news-stand of New York City. It wasn't our purpose to boost the sales and increase the dividends of "The Transcript."

The various authorities that deal with crime are tardy in ending the career of William C. Jones, publisher and editor of "The Transcript." "The Transcript" is a directory of vice and is circulated through the Eastern States. Its main stand is New York City. It publishes vicious advertisements in each issue.

Jones is also active as bail bondsman for the notorious women whose profession he advertises in the columns of his sheet.

The agencies of law and decency are, each of them, considering the case, but they are slow on the trigger. Jones is a notary public, and Governor Hughes is scrutinizing his usefulness in that function. The post-office authorities have under advisement the refusal of second-class mailing privileges to "The Transcript." If the post-office authorities bar the paper, and this action fails to kill it, the United States District Attorney's office will consider the case.

Meantime, Jones, who differs from a cadet of the red-light district only in being more prosperous and better protected, flourishes on the brisk sales and salacious advertisements of his "Transcript."

Slave-Grown Cocoa

IT IS an odd coincidence that in the year of the Lincoln centenary our country should be helping to maintain a slave traffic. We are first among cocoa-consuming nations, with 37,526 metric tons to the credit of our drinkers for 1907. Much of what we consume is San Thomé cocoa. In January, 1908, the Lisbon stock of San Thomé cocoa was 120,015 sacks; and in June, 1909, the stock had been reduced to 60,000 sacks,

nearly all of which has already been sold to America.

San Thomé and Principe are Portuguese islands, employing 30,000 natives, who have been brought from Angola at the muzzle of rifles. The slave-raiding was done twenty years ago at the annual rate of 2,200. The official figures for eight months in 1908 were 3,924, which is a yearly rate of almost 6,000.

Revolted native soldiers of the Congo Free State swoop down upon the villages of the southern Congo, pluck out the able-bodied natives by force and guile, and tally, transport, and deliver them duly to the rigors of the cocoa-fields, where disease, shackles, and loads make their life both lonely and severe.

Our authority for these statements is Joseph Burt, who is vouched for by the London "Spectator." The "Spectator" then goes on to plead editorially:

"If the people of America would pledge themselves to drink no more slave-grown cocoa, they would raise the noblest and most magnificent memorial to Lincoln that the brain of man can conceive. Such a resolve would paralyze the hand of the slave-raider of Angola. The knowledge that there is always a price, and a good price, to be got on the coast for plantation laborers sets a flood of unspeakable cruelty and misery flowing. Strange as it sounds, the innocent demand for cocoa to drink or chocolate to eat by men, women, and children in America is only one end of a chain which at the other is shackled to the slave. Those who use San Thomé cocoa are unconsciously giving an order that slaves shall be hunted and caught in Angola and brought to the coast. A refusal to give any more orders for San Thomé cocoa till the planters use free labor will as surely, if more slowly, emancipate the slave as Lincoln's proclamation. Our voice has sometimes been listened to in America. We trust it may be heard now, and that those who can influence the American press may induce that press—a giant in its power alike for evil and for good—to remember in Lincoln's year the cry of the captives."

Cross-examine your grocer.

Invading the South

A PARTY of Italians, among them Luigi Solari, president of the Italian Chamber of Commerce of New York, and Felice Ferrero, a brother of the Italian sociologist and historian, left New York for North Carolina, July 2, in quest of farming land. They represent not the advance guard, but the leaders of the first reserves in a new immigration invasion of the South. Heretofore the tide of immigration has swept westward from the great ports of entry.

The Southern experimental colonies have already been planted. It is on their success that the future of the enterprises depend. The Italian party went to look over a group of Italians located at St. Helena, just out from Wilmington. There they were met by a brass band of their countrymen who are making themselves into farmers instead of the more familiar New York "waps."

The St. Helena colony (it is named in honor of the Queen of Italy) was started four years ago in a pine forest with a group of capitalists back of it to see that all went well. For the company the colonists put in half their time making ditches and the rest they used up in clearing forests on their own allotments. To provide ready money the company bought the wood as fast as they reduced it to saw logs. Realizing that the single man, unattached by family ties, takes but a slight hold on the soil, these colonists were brought in with their women and children, and 215 of them have at least made ends meet out of their crops this season. All are from the Italian provinces north of Tuscany, and so far but little opposition has been voiced to their coming.

Two days before the inspecting party started on its work, three humble Hollanders went by day coach over the same route, to end up at Castle Haynes Colony, on a farm donated for their use this summer by Hugh McRae, one of the financial bankers of the colonizing scheme. Their purpose in making the long journey from Holland is to see if they can put Irish potatoes and lettuce onto the New York market from their farm in ninety days. They get as a starter a mule, a shanty, seeds, fertilizer, and implements, and have a twenty-acre place to work with.

The experimentation is by no means confined to the Dutch and Italian. Hungarians are already established in some strength at Castle Haynes. Poles at Marathon, Germans at Newberlin, and Hollanders and Poles at Artesia—all these places near Wilmington, and in easy reach of the market. The advance guard of foreign immigration started for the South in 1905. Before winter the first line of the reserves should be on the ground.



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are the only perfect solution of this problem. You really can't tell them from linen—same dull finish, same linen texture; yet they are never affected in the least by travel dust or weather.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest, most up-to-date models. They have the perfect fit and dressy look of the best linen collars—our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof, never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water.

Ask your dealer for Challenge Brand Waterproof Collars and Cuffs and don't take a substitute. If he doesn't keep them in stock, write us at once, stating size and style you desire—send 25 cts. for collars, 50 cts. per pair for cuffs and we will see that you are supplied at once. Our latest style book contains many valuable hints—let us send it to you.

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THE American Woman's League, with its membership already numbered by tens of thousands and with over seven hundred regularly organized local branches or chapters throughout the country, is a single business plan of co-operation between leading publishing concerns and local societies and clubs of women, and individual women. It makes no pretense of being anything but a business organization for the purpose of mutual benefit and profit. Its organization was first conceived and undertaken in 1908 by The Lewis Publishing Company of University City, St. Louis, one of the largest publishing concerns in the world, who remain alone responsible for and in full control and direction of the plan, until its organization is completed. The League will be permanently established under a trust agreement to be approved by the membership itself. Early in 1909, six other leading publishing houses were invited to co-operate under the plan so far as the subscription end is concerned, and at the present time seventy-three others of the leading journals of the country have made application to join in the plan, which will ultimately be thrown open to all acceptable publications on fair terms. The plan of The League consists of effecting a permanent national subscription or sales organization for reputable publishers, one-half of the income going to the publishers who receive 50% of their subscription price net cash; and the other half to this organization, known as The American Woman's League. It is estimated that the annual gross subscription income of the leading magazines and journals of general circulation in this country exceeds \$60,000,000. It is also estimated that it requires the expenditure by the publishers each year of the greater part of the \$60,000,000 to secure and renew this subscription by means of endless schemes, premiums, commissions, prizes, contests, and advertising matter. Comparatively few years ago all journalism was entirely on a subscription basis, advertisements not being accepted at all by reputable publishers. Today it is entirely on an advertising basis, the subscription income playing a nominal part. Most such journals are published for women. With tens of millions of dollars invested in their manufacturing plants, producing a better article for a lower price than any other industry, the publisher has no PERMANENT, national, wholesale and retail sales organization such as all other industries have in the jobber, consumer scattered from end to end of the land at a selling cost in many cases greater than the selling price.



League Chapter House of Class II, Edwardsville, Ill.

Comparatively few years ago the sphere of woman was held to be exclusively inside the home, most things entering into the home life being produced or controlled within the family. Of more recent years progress in the art of living has brought about marked changes in this, and today the entire community life is a matter of vital concern to the home. Water, light, milk, schools, street cars, sanitation, parks and factories have become community interests in which the individual home is vitally concerned. In our rural districts, where two-thirds of our population live, even more marked changes in the conditions and standard of living have occurred in most recent years. Ten years ago, the ruralite was isolated, received his mail but seldom, had no telephones or rapid transit, and was dependent on crude local educational facilities. Today 40,000 rural routes serve 30,000,000 rural population with daily mail, while a network of interurban trolley lines traverse the country, and farm house is connected with farm house by telephone. With the rapid broadening of the home life of the individual has come a pressing realization that the lack of education, refinement and culture means lack of ability to grasp opportunity as well as of appreciation of the most beautiful things in life. We see this

most in the more than 500,000 women's clubs and societies, 95% of which are ostensibly at least for improvement in home life, community life, education, the arts and general betterment of social conditions. These clubs and societies found in every hamlet, town and city are supported in the main by a system of polite social brigandage, funds being obtained through endless fairs, fetes, guilds, festivals, where women, first having begged or made articles of more or less value, proceed to sell them at many thousand times their possible value to friends, relatives and themselves for the benefit of the object represented by their club, society or circle. These hundreds of thousands of local clubs, societies and

circles of women, located in every city, town and hamlet, if brought together under some simple business plan of co-operation, would present the most powerful resourceful business organization in America. It has seemed to those who conceived the plan of The American Woman's League that to the great journals of general circulation is given the mission to take the lead in making culture, the arts and education the keynote of this century, as commercialism has been that of the past one, and that this can be accomplished on a business basis. The League plan is effecting a permanent co-operative national organization, between the leading publishing houses as the manufacturer and these thousands of local clubs, societies and guilds on a mutually beneficial and profitable basis. The publications now co-operating under this plan with The Lewis Publishing Company are, COLLIER'S WEEKLY, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, SUCCESS, THE FARM JOURNAL, THE DELINEATOR and THE AMERICAN BOY. Membership in The American Woman's League has but a single requirement open to all alike: the securing of a total of \$52 in subscriptions to the publications co-operating in the plan. Whenever this has been accomplished, the applicant is a member for life without other dues or requirements and entitled for life to all rights, benefits, advantages, protection and opportunity The League organization can offer. The subscriptions may be paid for as gifts to friends if desired, but the membership does not cost the member anything, as the only thing paid for is the subscriptions to the several publications at their regular prices, which are in themselves a full return for the money. This membership requirement constitutes the national SALES force.

To effect the permanent RENEWAL organization, The League is divided into chapters or local organizations, each having permanent jurisdiction over a fixed territory. Five or more members may organize a local chapter, and any local club, society, circle, or combination of them may become members of The League and secure the local chapter charter and rights. The local chapter receives for its income and maintenance 25% of the renewal subscription income of all the publications that come from its territory. Its Secretary being a paid official selected by the members, whose duty it is to look after the renewal of all subscriptions in that chapter's jurisdiction from year to year, with the moral support and assistance of the chapter as a whole; accurate record of all subscriptions received and their expiration dates being supplied from headquarters. Upon securing the charter for a local chapter, a beautiful permanent local chapter house is at once erected on the following terms:

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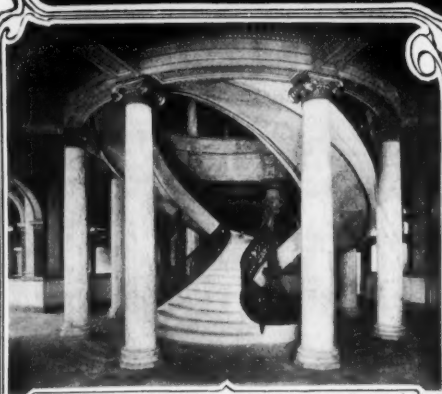


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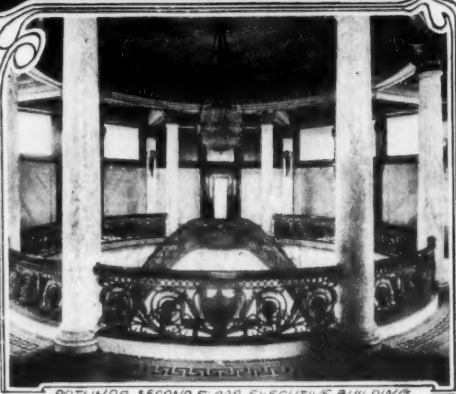
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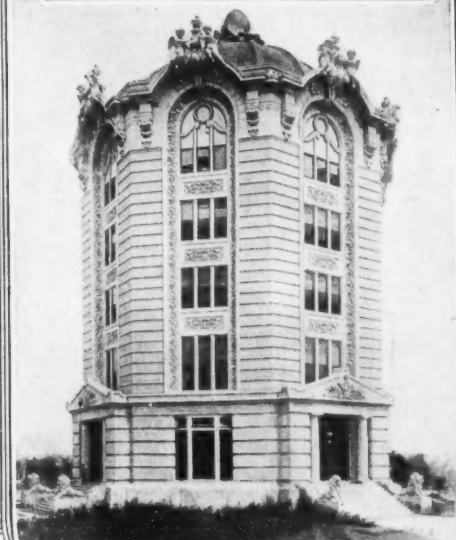
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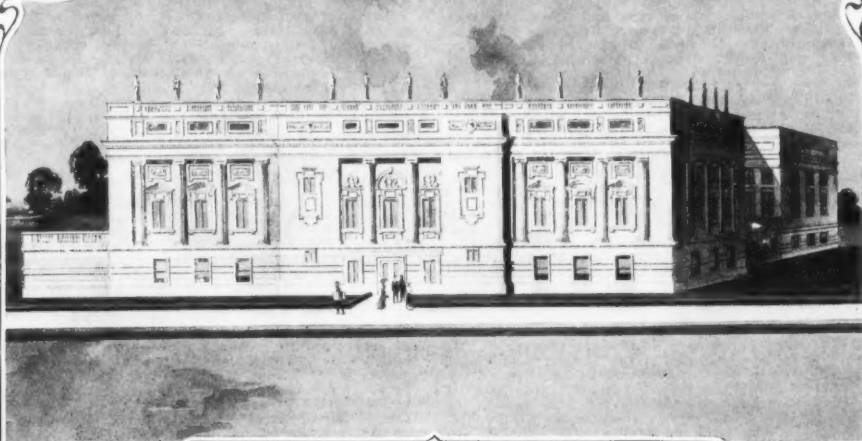
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CLASS 5—To each local Chapter having one hundred and fifty members, of whom at least one hundred are fully paid, a Chapter House will be built to cost \$7,300.

First—A suitable building site must be secured by the Chapter in the home town of the Chapter, clear and free of encumbrance, and the title to it vested in the Trustees of The League. This site must be well located, and ample in size for the building.

Second—Immediately on awarding these Chapter Houses the contracts will be let for their construction to responsible contractors.

Third—In counting memberships for securing a Chapter House, three full-paid honorary members count the same as one full-paid Full member. Thus to secure a Chapter House of Class 1, the Chapter must have fifteen members, of whom ten are full-paid Full members (women); or if the Chapter has seven full-paid Full members and nine full-paid honorary members, this would count the same as ten full-paid Full members.

Fourth—The money advanced for the purpose of erecting this Chapter House will be repaid to the home office of The League by the withholding from the local Chapter the ten per cent building fund until the loan is repaid, and does not come out of the general subsidy of the Chapter which is twenty-five per cent of all the subscription revenue derived from the Chapter's territory.

Under this plan, while 25% of the subscription income will eventually go to the local chapter organizations into which the entire country is rapidly being divided, and all and even more than the amount of the subscription income first derived from the membership requirement of the members of the chapters is expended in erecting the local club or chapter houses, yet the central organization receives the entire 50% on the vast scattered membership and 25% of all renewal income. Experience has also shown that while a chapter of a fixed number of members is required to secure the erection of a local chapter house, the erection of which costing more than the entire revenue from these memberships; yet, before the building is completed, the membership of the chapter invariably increases to several times the original number, so that the chapter house's cost easily falls within 25% of the original income.

With the organization of the local chapter, it becomes entitled to the services of the circulating library, the weekly phonographic concert circuit (the finest concert grand phonographic instrument obtainable, made expressly for the organization in the form of a beautiful center table, being supplied to each chapter and a weekly shipment of concert selections of the best music in the world being sent it); a series of lectures and entertainments by the lyceum bureau of The League, and several other special features, tending to make the chapter house the center of the best instruction and entertainment, while the permanent income of the chapter itself is in exact proportion to its size and ample to enable it to provide every comfort and entertainment to its members without expense to them. The local chapter is given entire freedom in the use of its chapter house and the personnel of its membership, and if several local clubs combine to secure it, they may divide its use among themselves as they see fit. Only members of The League may use the chapter house, however, excepting as temporary guests.

While the local chapter and its beautiful building is the permanent income-producing machinery of the organization, yet, to the individual member as such, whether affiliated with a chapter or not, The League plan offers its greatest benefits, advantages and opportunity through the great central institutions free to all. The center of this remarkable movement—its capital city, so to speak—is University City, St. Louis, a separate municipality of some 2,000 acres, incorporated and laid out some years ago, before it had become the finest residence section of St. Louis, owing to the growth of that city. The officers of The League are also the municipal officers, the president being the mayor. Here are located the magnificent University of the Lewis Publishing Company, the largest and finest publishing institutions in the world, and here are rapidly being erected the other great institutions of The League. It is designed to make University City the most beautiful and model municipality in America, and much has already been accomplished along these lines. The design, conception and execution of its entrance gates, ornamentation and buildings becomes a part of the work of honor classes in the art institute, architectural, engineering and landscape classes, so that in a few years it will in itself represent a magnificent monument to The League. The organization is being conducted by the officers of The Lewis Publishing Company, assisted and advised by the Board of Trustees, who are also the Board of Directors of the Peoples Savings Trust Company, trustees of The League endowment or reserve funds and property, it in turn being owned by the members of The League.

THE CENTRAL INSTITUTIONS

It is estimated that the entire League income will be required for the next year or two in erecting the hundreds of local chapter houses, building and equipping the great central institutions of The League, after which there will be a rapid accumulation of a surplus or reserve which becomes a trust fund; membership in The League being a life beneficiary. The whole League is a trust, and, whatever its income, only to be devoted to the use and constantly added benefits of membership. The principal benefits of membership are: First, the free right to all courses of instruction in its great schools, university and art institute. Second, the use of its postal library, and phonographic library, a phonographic instrument of superior make being supplied members in their homes as well as to chapters. Third, a national Woman's Exchange, of which each local chapter is a branch, for the marketing of woman's handwork and the products of the League. Fourth, a loan and relief fund, for loans at low interest for home building, and no interest in distress. Eventually, with the accumulation of a reserve or surplus, it is proposed to erect and equip the finest home or retreat and orphanage in America, where a member, destitute and alone in old age, may be cared for as the center of the good will and care of the whole organization and as a right of membership corresponding to a surrender value; also for the care and education of orphaned children of members. The League being purely a business organization on a cash basis, with no pretense of philanthropy any more than an insurance company, does not undertake to do anything that can not be done as a business proposition, the home and orphanage itself being figured against the surrender value of membership, while the musical library, the university, art schools, exchange and all other features, in addition to the general income for their maintenance, become largely self-supporting through the sale of their products and supplying to the membership of The League the materials, supplies, equipment and other articles required in their use, the exchange having already become a shopping bureau for the more remote members, with its buyers in the best markets, at considerable profit and the great advantage of the membership. Of all features of The League, the art schools and institute and the university are the principal. The first of the university buildings—the great art schools and institute—is now nearing completion and will open its courses to all members October 1. It is undoubtedly the largest and finest institute of the sort in America. Five other university buildings are expected to be complete within 12 months at a cost of approximately \$1,000,000. The foremost sculptors, artists and instructors in all branches have been secured, and the correspondence courses, now about completed, are the work of the masters themselves and are intended to lead up to the personal attendance or Honor courses, enabling the student to acquire the elementary training and to demonstrate their fitness and ability for the higher courses, without the loss of time or expense necessary to personal attendance, and also to provide to the whole membership an educational and refining influence, while opening to those of marked ability or genius, OPPORTUNITY. To accomplish this double purpose—the educational refining and useful advantage to the whole membership of instruction pre-



League Chapter House of Class III

pared by eminent masters, and at the same time to separate out from the mass special ability, genius, talent or qualifications for special training and opportunity—the courses of the University in all its departments are divided into the correspondence course and the personal attendance or honor course under salary sufficient to pay all reasonable expense of attendance.

The institutions of The League themselves seek and require the highest talent and ability in all lines and hold out to it the certainty of the highest opportunity. The honor courses of personal attendance under salary are awarded through frequent competitive examinations open to all, but made sufficiently severe in their requirements to insure that those who acquire them are of so high an order of ability as to become really producers and a profit to the institution. The benefit of the knowledge, experience, learning and skill of great masters can, through the correspondence courses, be available in their own homes to all, but the advantage and opportunity of personal association with those masters for a year of practical and actual application of the student's own ability and training in the conduct of the institutions of The League is reserved for those alone whose high ability, application or genius makes them desirable acquisitions to the personnel of those institutions.

Through the national dragnet of the correspondence courses it is the effort to find out and uncover special ability and genius in every branch of human effort, that it may be brought into and made a part of the great League plan and, in return for the opportunity given, shed on The League and its institutions a constantly increasing luster, fame and success. The League being strictly a business organization with no pretense of philanthropy, while it serves all alike, yet as a matter of business and profit it offers exceptional opportunity to the highest ability.

Any members and minor children of their families may take any of the correspondence courses and pursue them just as far or as little as they choose, or may take up a single study, art, business or profession, for its culture, use and enjoyment, but if a career in any business, profession or art is desired, the closest application, not alone to its courses, but to all correlated courses, including a general academic course, is necessary before the honor or scholarship course can hope to be acquired. The remuneration of the member acquiring an honor or scholarship course while in attendance during the year of practical finishing work is \$60 per month. A series of commissions, awards and prizes each year, however, offer to the honor student special remuneration for excellence of work. In the Art Institute a number of commissions, ranging in value from \$500 to \$3,000, will also be awarded at the end of each year through competitive tests for the execution of works of art in the ornamentation and beautifying of University City and the buildings of The League. All work done by honor students is the property of The League, unless executed for outside commission, when The League receives the proceeds. Graduates and advance students of other art, business and professional schools, who are members of The League, may compete for the scholarship or honor courses without taking the correspondence courses. Teachers, members of The League, may equip themselves for better positions or higher instruction through the correspondence courses without interference with their duties, loss of time or expense, and by the demonstration of the necessary ability and qualifications through the examinations, be certain of a year of personal instruction with salary sufficient for expenses, under famous masters in the Honor courses. The catalogues of each of the courses, complete in detail, may be had on application by any member. The school terms are three in number—October 1 to December 20, January 5 to May 1, and the Summer term from May 10 to September 10. The University and its branches are divided under the following heads:

- I. Kindergarten, Grammar, Academic.
- II. The Business College.
- III. The Professional Courses.
- IV. The Applied Arts and Crafts.
- V. The Fine Arts.
- VI. The Musical and Dramatic Institute.

The honor students, after two terms of personal attendance under the direct supervision and instruction of the master in the practical application of their ability, are then sent on a circuit of the local chapters for the assistance, instruction and coaching of correspondence students, and to conduct the competitive examinations in the arts, music, the drama and other courses. Through this means a continual series of lectures, entertainments, instruction and personal demonstration is provided the local chapters throughout the year by the honor students, themselves members of The League, as their final finishing touch before graduation, giving the honor students an opportunity to acquire a wide personal reputation in their chosen art, profession or specialty before entering on the life battle of a successful career. By this means the master of each division is assisted in the conduct of the courses by the honor students themselves, who must be of the highest order of ability and accomplishment to have secured the honor courses.

DIVISION OF SCULPTURE AND DESIGN

George Julian Zolnay, Director

Mr. Zolnay, director of this division of the Art Academy, is so well known in this country and Europe as one of the foremost sculptors of the age as to need no introduction. An honor graduate of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, Vienna, and Royal Art Academy of Bucharest, the winner of gold medals in America and the grand prize of the Vienna Art Academy; decorated by the King of Roumania with the order of Bene Merenti of the first class; member of the leading art clubs and of the International Jury of Awards; his work is a part of the history of modern art. Among his principal works are the colossal Tympanum of the Carmelite Cloister, Vienna; his frontispiece for the Armory, St. Poelten, for the Austrian Government; his bust of Francis Joseph, King of Hungary; his heroic statue at Creora for the Roumanian Government; his seated lions in colossal bronze on the new custom house, San Francisco; his Sam Davis monument, Nashville, Tenn., and Winnie Davis memorial in Richmond, Va.; his heroic groups at the St. Louis World's Fair, and the superb lion and tiger crowning the entrance gates of University City.

The entire division of modeling, sculpture, form and design of The League's Art Institute and Schools is under the personal direction of Mr. Zolnay, and the correspondence courses in these arts have been written by him.

Mr. Zolnay is also in charge of the ornamentation with entrance gates, statues, fountains and other works of art of University City, as well as the work of The League in presenting to cities and towns where local chapters are established, of similar works of art, the product of our Institute. Members passing the competitive examinations and securing the honor course under Zolnay will have the benefit of the personal direction and advice of a master mine in their year of practical work and the execution of their commissions while here. The works of merit produced by honor students under Zolnay will be reproduced in the ceramic, casting and stone-cutting departments, a replica presented to the chapters of The League or, through the local chapter, to the city or town from which the honor student came, while the originals are retained in The League's art galleries. The honor students under Zolnay and the other masters in art associated with him in the several divisions are certain of national credit and publicity for meritorious work, so that genius uncovered will in the single year of the honor course gain a reputation not otherwise to be acquired in many long years of lack of publicity. Honor students in the art



courses are, during the first and second terms, given the actual conception and execution of works of art, the sculptural and mural decoration of buildings, the ornamentation of public parks and modeling and decorating work in the Ceramic Institute, their successful efforts being reproduced in the institute's Art Journal if in drawing and painting, and in the Art Potteries if in modeling. The correspondence courses in modeling, sculpture and design are free to all members of The League, and are accompanied by the necessary models.

DIVISION OF DRAWING, PAINTING AND COLOR

Ralph Chesley Ott, Director

Mr. Ott, director of this division, while belonging to the group of younger artists, has acquired a wide reputation, both for the high standard of his portraiture, the exquisite atmosphere of his landscape, delicate but masterful tone and his remarkable achievements in mural work. Made instructor of drawing and painting in the St. Louis Academy of Fine Arts at an early age, an honor student of leading European academies before 30, his magnificent treatment and mural decorations of the Woman's Magazine building and later of the Woman's National Daily building interiors have been admired by hundreds of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. The correspondence courses in drawing and painting have been written by Mr. Ott in person, and profusely and carefully illustrated from life under his personal supervision. They are the highest obtainable result of wide experience, careful study and personal genius. Honor students in this division receive the personal direction of Mr. Ott in their work for two terms and then make the circuit of the chapters the third term, as in sculpture, modeling, ceramics, music, the drama, and other divisions. Under the direction of Mr. Ott, in addition to the correspondence courses in drawing, painting, illustrating and decoration, assisted by the honor students in these divisions, the mural decoration of all League buildings and chapter houses is carried out, the illustration of the journals of the Publishing Company, the execution of all commissions in portraiture, landscape and decoration accomplished, and special works of art executed in connection with the ceramic institute.

Students of all other art schools, if members of The League, are entitled to compete in the examinations held at frequent periods for the honor or scholarship courses of The League Institute of Fine Arts, as in all other divisions, without taking the correspondence courses.

THE CERAMIC ARTS INSTITUTE

Taxile Doat, Director

For 30 years the name of Taxile Doat, leading expert and ceramic artist of the great Sèvres art potteries of France, has stood for all that was highest, best and most progressive in the art of arts, ceramics, before the world. It was Mr. Doat who, by special permission of the French Government, first published to the world the secrets guarded for centuries of the wonderful high fire glazes. Mr. Doat's own work is found in the principal art galleries of the world as the highest examples of ceramic art, and, in addition to securing his services exclusively for the Art Institute of The League, we have purchased his private ceramic collection for the Art Museum of

be taught by correspondence, and acquire an instruction without loss of time or expense that will save several years of personal attendance to those desiring to enter the professions, even though the student may not have previously had the advantage of higher education. The standard of graduation will, however, be maintained on a par with that of the best universities here and abroad.

AGRICULTURAL COURSES

The courses of instruction in agriculture in all its branches have been prepared each by a leading expert, and are of the most practical and useful nature. At the head of this division will be placed one of the leading agriculturists. The courses include the post-graduate or scholarship course of personal instruction and experiment in the experimental laboratories and farm of the institute and lecture circuit of the chapters. The experimental farm, orchards and dairy of the School of Agriculture will supply the Retreat and Orphanage with their products.

KINDERGARTEN

The kindergarten courses by correspondence are the work of Miss Jessie Davis of Chicago, well known as the leading originator and instructor in this work. They are profusely illustrated and are for the service of members' mothers who desire to instruct their younger children.

THE BUSINESS COURSES

Embrace stenography, bookkeeping, telegraphy, dressmaking and many special features of home work for women. They are practical, thorough and easily understood. The greatest effort being to make this class of instruction of real service and help to those seeking to better their condition.

LOAN AND RELIEF FUND

A fixed percentage of The League's net income is set aside in a permanent fund for loan to members at low interest rates and convenient terms for home building or for temporary relief in distress without interest under reasonable safeguards.

THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE

One of the principal features is the extension of the woman's exchange plan, common in the larger cities, to a national scope, each chapter house having its exchange or sales room for the product of members and of the Art Institution, potteries and applied arts division, constituting a national sales organization operated through a central agency and the local chapters, assisting in finding a wide market for skilled work in embroidery, candy making, preserving, and other home work of women, under the supervision of the instructors in those things provided by The League's schools.

As the income of The League increases through the spread and organization of its membership, hence its control of the subscription field, the advantages and benefits to the individual member will constantly increase. Being purely a business organization, however, it makes no pretense of giving something for nothing, but is simply applying the same principles of combination, organization and co-operation for the mutual benefit of the publishers and their readers which have proven so successful in the industrial world. The income of The League is but the vast sums heretofore expended annually by publishers to maintain their subscription, paid instead to an effective, permanent subscription organization. The same energy expended by any local woman's club, society



Map of the United States showing the location of chapters of the League already organized



View in University City from the entrance plaza looking down Delmar Boulevard into the heart of St. Louis' best residence section. More than a million visitors have registered in the visitors' book of the Lewis Pub. Co. plant

The League, where it will serve as an inspiration to those personally attending the post-graduate courses. Mr. Doat has selected three collaborators to assist him in the conduct of The League's ceramic schools and institute from among the leading ceramic artists and technicians of Europe. His first visit in June, 1909, was for conference with The League's architects, in order that the erection of one of the most perfectly designed and equipped art potteries in the world might be begun, temporary facilities, kiln rooms, laboratories and studios having been provided in the art building. The courses in ceramic arts, including every branch of glazing, decoration, turning and firing will be open to members of The League in October of this year under Mr. Doat and his assistants; the institutes of modeling and sculpture under Zolnay, and of drawing, painting and color under Ott, collaborating with the ceramic institute under Doat in a series of courses which will offer to genius and ability the highest instruction and opportunity in the world, is open to every member of The League. The post-graduate or honor course in ceramics consists of two terms of actual experience and practical work under salary in the art potteries at University City, under the masters, the work being practical execution of art pottery, porcelains, grès and other works, for sale through The League's exchange branches in the local chapters, the decoration of its buildings and chapter houses, the ornamentation of University City and the execution of commissions for the public.

APPLIED ARTS AND CRAFTS

The courses in applied arts and crafts, each under the best instructor obtainable, supplement the highest courses of the beaux arts. They are intended to give to members of The League a means of practical application of their talents, both for pleasure, refinement and profit. For this reason they are made extremely practical. Among these courses are:

Miniature	Illuminating	Illustrating
Mosaic	Decoration	Engraving
Casting	Mural Decoration	Etching
Jewelry Design	Interior Decoration	Lettering
Fabric Design	Scagliola	Bookbinding
	Photography	

SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

Hugh K. Taylor, Managing Editor The Lewis Publishing Company, Director

In preparing the courses of instruction in journalism, each separate lesson was the careful work of the editorial, business, mechanical, accounting and administrative heads of every division of The Lewis Publishing Company, assisted by a number of leading newspaper, magazine and editorial experts of the country. The course is a distinctly practical one, and offers a more complete and comprehensive knowledge and grasp of journalism in all its branches than could be obtained in any other way in a lifetime of experience. With the correspondence course is also open, through competitive examinations to those demonstrating high ability, a finishing or post-graduate year of actual practical experience in all branches, under salary, in this great publishing institution, presenting exceptional opportunity to unusual ability developed and the best opening to a successful career.

PROFESSIONAL COURSES

The professional courses have been prepared so that with the aid of the grammar and academic courses they present the opportunity to take up such professions as can

or guild in holding a single fête, fair or bazaar, will, under this plan, secure for it a beautiful club house and a permanent income to support it. Aside from its other features, the aid, protection and service which The League has already been able to render members in every section of the country through its law and banking divisions and the wide influence and power of its organization, has been worth many times the slight effort necessary to secure membership in it for life.

The membership has been divided into the Founder's Chapter, composed of the first hundred thousand members who complete their requirement and the general membership. Men may become Honorary Members, entitled to all rights and benefits excepting that of voting, of the Loan Fund and of the Home when established. Minor children of members have the free use of the schools. A special endowment of a million dollars of the capital stock of The Lewis Publishing Company and an equal amount of that of the Peoples Savings Trust Company, the two industrial institutions principally enriched by the plan, has been provided for by the Founder for the Founder's Chapter, to which any member is eligible until its number is completed. Of necessity the membership of The League itself is limited, but the very nature of the plan, appealing as it does only to the desire for culture, improvement, education and opportunity for bettering one's position, is enlisting the refinement and intelligence of the country by a selective process. Those who acquire the Founder's Chapter memberships occupy a position of special privilege and profit as is right that they should, for taking the lead in the organization; the entire yearly income of the Founder's Chapter's endowment will be equally paid each year during life to its members.

The beautiful book of The League, giving complete detail information of its many features and benefits, will be sent on request; and its chapter house book and one of its field organizers will be sent to any club, society or guild desiring to secure the local chapter rights, and club or chapter house where chapters have not already been established.

ADDRESS

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE University City, St. Louis, Missouri

Sample copies of the magazines will be sent on request to all applicants for membership. There is no other requirement for life membership but the sending in to The League of a total of \$52 in subscriptions to the following publications, which may be paid for as gifts or solicited. This once accomplished, there are no further dues, as the entire organization and its institutions are permanently maintained from the renewal of the subscription through its chapter system. Applicants for membership may take their own time in completing this requirement, but do not have the benefit and right of The League until completed. If, for any reason, the applicant fails to complete the requirement, 25% of all subscription already sent in by the applicant is paid back as a commission.

The publications now listed under the plan are:

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL DAILY	EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE	THE FARM JOURNAL
BEAUTIFUL HOMES	THE DELINEATOR
COLLIER'S WEEKLY	SUCCESS MAGAZINE and
THE AMERICAN BOY	

Although its scope may shortly be enlarged to include all high-class journals under uniform terms.

FREE CIGAR TRIAL

10c. Cigar, 4 1/2c.

This new La Reclama "Panola" is made by hand with a filler of LONG, clean, rich and mellow Havana, wrapped with the finest quality of Imported Sumatra. It is that popular Panatela shape (full 4 1/2" long) which will smoke freely and burn perfectly with a firm steel, gray ash. Our price for this 10c. cigar is but 4 1/2c., because we cut out the profits and expenses of jobbers, salesmen and retail dealers through selling cigars—by mail—from our factory to the smoker direct.



Free Trial Offer

Write us the request on your business letter-head and we will ship you 50 (fifty) La Reclama "Panola," expressage prepaid. Smoke five or six—then if you like them, send us \$2.25 within ten days, but if for any reason you are not entirely satisfied, return the remainder to us, expressage collect. There will be no charge for the few cigars used in testing.

Send today for a TRIAL, shipment and compare our "Panola" with the cigar you have been smoking. Mention if you prefer them mild, medium or strong.

We want your permanent patronage, therefore, let us prove to you the remarkable value of La Reclama cigars.

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Tubular in the center; flat at the ends. The tubular part is firmly woven and doubly reinforced, and gives greater strength where the strength is needed, slides freely through the eyelets, and stays tied. The flat ends do not crush in tying, and make a neat, shapely bow at all times.

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25 cents per pair. All pure silk, in black, tan and oxblood. Sold only in sealed boxes. If your dealer hasn't Nufashond, we'll send them postpaid on receipt of price.

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The Meaning of Peonage

Labor Camp Torture in Arkansas Explains It

LABOR camps for criminals, convicts, or city prisoners used sometimes to employ torture, murder, and overwork in a way that did not serve the interests of justice. The case of Callas is recent. The crime for which Callas was handed over to the overseer with his rifles and his whips was unemployment. Joseph Callas, Russian Jew, is personally known to this paper. From his own lips we give the story of his wanderings and sufferings and White House rescue which freed him from bondage in February, 1909.

He was beating his way across country from New York to Colorado in the year of unemployment, November, 1908.

At Little Rock, Arkansas, Callas was standing at the railroad station. A man approached and put a revolver to his forehead.

"Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I am looking for work," Callas answered.

"Have you any money?"

"Ten cents."

"You're arrested."

He was locked up in a barn, and the next day fined "\$10 and all expenses."

Others of the unemployed had been gathered in. After the trial the men were chained, led to the railroad station, and shipped to a small town in southeast Arkansas. What the men ate while traveling and the provisions of the detectives guarding them were charged to the prisoners. When the party reached the town the debt of each prisoner was \$90, although the railroad fare was \$6.40.

"We came to the small railroad station. As soon as we left the train, we were surrounded by six negroes armed with rifles. We were seated in a wagon, and went slowly through a forest. In front of the wagon rode a negro, on both sides were negroes, and behind us rode Mr. Simpson, 'the whipping boss,' and Mr. Gentry, the superintendent. They were all armed."

On arrival at the Labor Camp they asked the men already there about the place.

"You'll see it for yourself to-morrow," said one of them. "It is worse to live here than in the hell. Men are flogged and shot down."

Driven by the Lash

"THE next morning we formed in two lines in the yard. The boss came out of the house and counted us. There were eighty-five men, white and black. The white go to work separately from the black, though they often work together. We walk in a line. In front of us are two negroes armed with rifles; behind us the same, and on one side rides the overseer. To his saddle is attached a large whip with a heavy wooden handle, and a strap three feet long, three inches wide, and one-quarter inch thick. The rear of this procession is brought up by a negro leading a pack of bloodhounds, designated to hunt for the runaways.

"We did not have to walk far and soon stopped before a field sown with cotton. Bags were tied to our backs and we were told to gather the cotton. We, the Northerners, were not accustomed to this work, and did it very slowly, while the negroes quickly and skillfully gathered the cotton and went on. Behind us was the overseer, scolding and cursing us. He was particularly angry with one of the comrades, Schmidt. Calling him, he said: 'Are you going to gather cotton or not?'

"I work for the first time," answered Schmidt; 'as soon as I become used to it, I will work faster, but I can't do it now.'

"You can't? I'll teach you."

"He dismounted and took his whip."

"The overseer called two negroes."

"Lie down!" he shouted to Schmidt.

"The latter did not know what to do. At a distance stood the sentinels with their rifles and watched the proceedings. Consequently we could not help our comrade."

"The negroes threw Schmidt on the ground. One of them held his head, the other his feet. The overseer took his whip in both hands, shook it in the air, looked around, and then struck Schmidt on his naked back. A blue mark revealed the place where the strap came in contact with the skin. Schmidt cried out with an unhuman voice. The overseer became still more enraged and struck him the second time, third, seven times.

"Schmidt rose to his feet with great difficulty and staggered to his place of work. 'Simpson, the overseer, was not, however, content with Schmidt's sufferings. He called out two more men and gave them five blows each. After that all worked faster lest they should incur the wrath of Simpson."

"Before my arrival to the peonage, during this work, one of the white men tried to escape; but before he had covered twenty paces he was shot down by a negro sentinel. During that time was also shot a negro and racked to death a white man. He was given twenty-five blows of the whip, after which he died."

Hunger and Disease

"WE WERE put to different works. We gathered cotton, we felled trees, cleared the fields, dug ditches, tilled the ground, built fences around the fields, etc. There was not one day in which somebody would not be flogged. Two or three were flogged every day, and sometimes this number rose to ten. Very often Mr. Gentry would become intoxicated. Then he would punish the sluggards himself, and he flogged them with all his strength, with rage, on the back, on the head, or any place where his lash could reach. In such cases we had to work like automats, unceasingly, and Gentry would sit somewhere and watch us."

"For the first two months of my life in the peonage the number of whites was increased to forty-five and of negroes to one hundred. Our life was very hard. We were not allowed to smoke. Our food on week days was bad, but on Sundays it was still worse: only two meals a day, a breakfast at nine and a dinner at three. We were always hungry. Exhausted, half-fed, we could find no rest even at night. Work, lash, and hunger, hunger, lash, and work, such was our life, and this miserable existence was undermining my health. Only the fresh air gave us some strength. We forty-five men were lodged in one small room with four tiny windows. Along the walls stood benches for sleep, two stories high, and between them was an aisle about a yard wide. On Sunday we stayed in bed all day, under dirty, full-of-vermin blankets. Many of us became sick of overwork, lack of sleep and proper nourishment. The doctors visited the place very rarely. No matter what was the disease of a man, whether it was a toothache, a fever, or a sprain, the doctor would give the same kind of pills."

"From the first of January of this year the overseer was discharged for his excessive cruelty, tendency toward drinking, but chiefly for cheating. His place was taken by Mr. Nickol, an older man than Simpson. He disliked the negroes so much that it gave him real pleasure to flog them. If a negro would say a word to him, he would beat him on the head with the handle of his whip. He treated the whites less severely. He treated me somewhat better than the rest, as he had found out that I sent letters somewhere. This circumstance disturbed him a little."

Callas had written letters which were forwarded to the State Department at Washington. An official came for him.

Rescued by the Law

"FROM the place of my sufferings I was being taken to the White House, to be put under the protection of American law. My attire was of a singular style. My clothes were torn and shabby—a dirty red shirt, a red handkerchief tied around my neck, large Californian boots on my feet, and straw farmer hat on my head. I sat on velvet cushions and smoked the best Cuban cigars. The Americans regarded me with visible curiosity and perplexedness. I resembled, as one of the passengers said, a Californian robber. My boots were so torn that they revealed my bare toes."

Mr. Elder, a Government attorney, two Congressmen, and a Senator heard Callas tell his story.

"Mr. Elder will take up your case," concluded the Senator; "we will demand satisfaction for your arrest and other sufferings. You should thank those who helped you. You will be given \$10 and a ticket to New York. There you will await the end of your case."

"We shook hands and I departed. I bought a new suit of clothes and went back to that same New York from which I started on my wanderings."

PURE MILK FOR BABY

Sanitary milk production was first started by Gail Borden in the early '50's. The best systems to-day are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has proved its claim as the best food for infants.—Adv.

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease," remarked the tramp, as he threw a package of white powder into the eyes of the policeman who was about to arrest him.—The Harvard Lampoon.—Adv.



KAMLEE

Auto Trunk

The only auto trunk that is practicable. The only one that is easily and quickly accessible. The bottom can be reached without disturbing the top. Strong. Handsome. Logical. Made specially if you want it.

Write for our latest literature—tells all about it.

THE KAMLEE COMPANY

337 Milwaukee Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty
Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum

Particularly Desirable
after Dinner

BETTER—STRONGER

More lasting in flavor
than any other.

A try—a test—
Goodbye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢ and 25¢ packets
Frank H. Fleer & Company Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.

Brighton



Knee
Drawer
Garters FOR
SUMMER

cool as
gossamer

on or off
at a touch

The new idea—ventilating web that cools the skin at every movement; no chafing or soil of perspiration. No metal part touches the leg. The new fabric—yielding as leather, agreeable as the softest silk. Adjustable to any leg. Nickel trimmings, 25c; goldplated, 50c. Our guaranty card in every box.

PIONEER SUSPENDERS

Lightweight webs for summer; all lengths; our guaranty band on every pair—50c. At dealers—or we will mail sample pairs.

Pioneer Suspender Co., 718 Market St., Phila.
Makers of PIONEER BELTS

PARIS GARTERS

They
fit so well
you
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A necessity with
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No metal can touch you

Sold Everywhere

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You
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The Best Shoe Polish

For Women's and Children's Shoes

Quick, easy and satisfactory results are the proof of value in a shoe polish and Bixby's "Double A-A One" Polish is certainly quicker, easier and makes shoes look better than any other.

A SHOE HORN FREE

Send us your name and address and we will mail you entirely free a handsome black and gold shoe horn of a dainty, convenient size. At the same time we will also send you a booklet entitled "Shoes, and How to Care For Them." It tells you how to make your shoes last longer and keep them looking new.

Remember—"Double A-A One" Shoe Polish is the only liquid polish that will not injure the leather nor soil the clothing.

Full sized package by mail with 18 in. Polishing Cloth, 25c.

"Double A-A One Polish" is made for both Black and Brown Shoes.

S.M. Bixby & Co. New York, U.S.A.

REMY Magneto Wins Again!



Famous ignition system used on the car driven by Chevrolet to decisive victory in the Cobe Trophy Race, the Western Vanderbilt, at Crown Point, Indiana, June 19th

Chevrolet chose the Remy Magneto for use in this event, despite the fact that attractive prizes were offered by other magneto firms.

And proved the superiority to all other magnetos, foreign or American, of the Remy, the perfect mechanical ignition system!

Fifty Thousand Remy 1910 Magnetos are called for by contracts with two automobile manufacturers alone.

The Remy is the simplest ignition—has the broadest margins for abuse, dirt, oil, water and neglect—requires practically no care—can be installed by anybody.

Motorists everywhere are invited to take advantage of the Remy Magneto Service.

A competent corps of experts at our branch selling offices in New York, Chicago and Detroit, will help you to solve your ignition troubles. Call or write to our nearest address.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, Dept. 18, Anderson, Ind.

Branch Selling Offices:

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CHICAGO NEW YORK

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Linen Felt made from Flax Fibre

LINOFELT is a flax fibre insulating quilt for building purposes. Between two layers of tough paper is placed a layer of the fibrous covering of the flax plant—the whole held firmly in place by 5 rows of heavy stitching—making a quilt which, by actual tests, has proven

38 Times as effective as standard Building Paper
For Excluding Cold, Heat or Sound

LINOFELT is put on with the same labor as ordinary building papers. It is used for sheathing, floor deadener and substitute for back-plaster on any style or size of building, adding 40% to its warmth and comfort, with a mere 1% to its cost.

25,000 Refrigerator Cars are lined with Linofelt and thousands more are being lined—a proof of its insulating effectiveness. The best makes of Domestic Refrigerators are lined with Linofelt.

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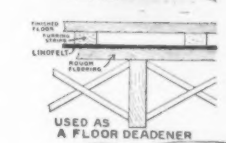
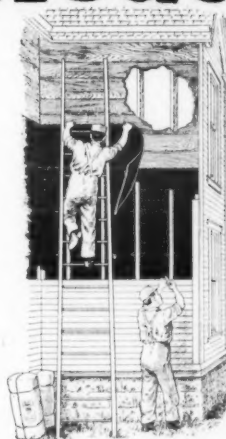
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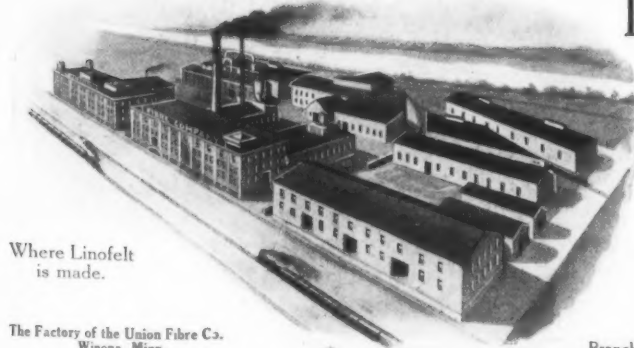
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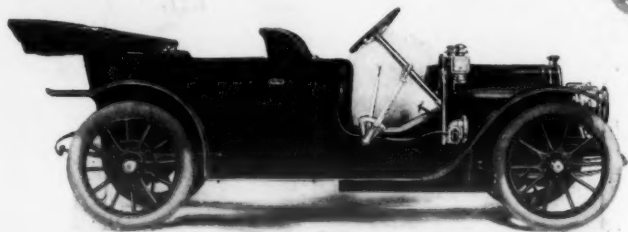


A Roll Ready For Use

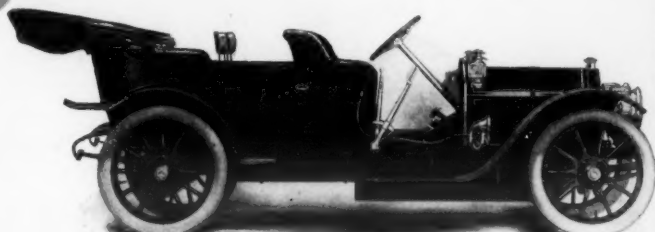


Where Linofelt is made.

The Factory of the Union Fibre Co. Winona, Minn.



1910 Models



Chalmers-Detroit "30"—\$1500

Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—\$2,750

Five Styles—Touring Car, Roadster, Pony Tonneau, Inside-Drive Coupe and Limousine

Note How Much We Have Done With The Saving

Last season's model of the Chalmers-Detroit "30" was an amazing car for the money.

It was so good that, when people awoke to it, the demand exceeded our output by \$1,200,000.

The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" has been, for four years, the topmost car in its class.

Yet, note how remarkably both these cars are improved for the season of 1910.

How It Is Done

This season, we are adding 1,000 cars to our output, without adding a dollar to overhead expense.

Our fixed expense, which last year was divided by 3,000 cars, is this year divided by 4,000 cars.

Then we need no new tools, no new machinery, for our cars are not altered mechanically. The result is a saving of quite a sum per car.

We have put all of this saving into appearance. We have spent it for size and style and room.

Last year we gave you the utmost in worth. Now we are adding a beauty of line that is unequalled.

Note the Result

Note the lines of these cars in the 1910 models. There are no handsomer cars at any price on the market.

Our "30" now has a 115-inch wheel base. That's three inches longer than our "Forty" of last season.

It has 34-inch wheels, against 32-inch last season. The tonneau is far more roomy, and the hood is accordingly longer and higher.

The 1910 "Forty" has a 122-inch wheel base—ten inches longer than last season. It becomes a 7-passenger car.

It has 36-inch wheels—two inches larger than last season. It is upholstered in hand-buffed leather, and the magneto is free.

Now these two cars—always mechanically perfect—have all the appearance of the costliest cars created.

Profit Nine Per Cent

Our profit remains just the same as last season—exactly nine per cent. Every penny of saving has gone into the cars.

This season we even go further. We shall sell our extras, as we sell our cars, on the smallest possible margin.

We will fit our "30" with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps, all for \$100 extra. The cost of these extras at regular prices would be \$175.

We will fit our "30" with a Lenox mohair top—the very best top we can buy—for \$75 extra. The regular price is \$125.

We will fit our "Forty" with a Bosch magneto, gas tank and gas lamps free. We will fit it with a \$150 Newport mohair top for \$125. The two extra seats in the tonneau will cost only \$75 extra.

In these extras we give you, as we give you in cars, more than anyone else for the money.

The Popular Cars

Only those who don't know the Chalmers-Detroit's wonder at their immense popularity.

The reasons are these:

Mr. H. E. Coffin has put into these cars the best work of his life in designing.

We have built these cars on such a small margin of profit that no other maker could begin to compete with us.

We have brought the cost of upkeep down to the record point. On last year's output owners paid us for repairs only \$2.44 per car.

In a public Economy Test, our "30" has run 25.7 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

One of our "30's" last year covered 32,000 miles, making such endurance records as no other car ever made. And, on a long-distance test, its average speed record was 52.2 miles per hour. Those are amazing records for a \$1500 car.

When thousands of such cars are in actual use, it doesn't take long for buyers to learn about them. Those are the reasons why the demand last season exceeded our output by 800 cars.

1910 Models Ready

Our agents almost everywhere are showing our 1910 models now. Deliveries to users begin August 1st.

Last year's record will indicate to you the probable demand for these new models.

A 1910 model, delivered in August, gives four or five months' use before the calendar year begins.

Send now for our catalog showing all the new improvements. Then let our nearest agent show you the cars themselves.

A Memo to
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.
Mail your 1910 Catalog to
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
County _____ State _____
Collier's Weekly, New York

Mail us this coupon today.

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